



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 37 – Number 5

September 2019

12 New Adventures in This Issue

Golden Days at Sugar Island - Readings from Alicia
A Day to Forget - Tiding's Great Adventure
Sea Stories & Tall Tales - Imagination and Memories
Maiden Voyage - Sailing a Friendship - Out of Gloucester
Meanderings Along the Coast of Texas
Back on the Saltchuck - Big Sky and Blue Water



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

In my role as an editor I get to see (if not read) many review copies of books relating to boats and boating. "If not read..."? Yep, I cannot read them all, I fall asleep too early evenings over open books, so those which do not grab me with a short looksee get farmed out to reader reviewers who will do them more justice than I could. Recently a well-worn copy of *Out of Gloucester*, published in 1905, given to me by reader Connie Benneck, was a grabber (see his letter on page 4).

As its title implies, this is all about our local Gloucester fishermen and their schooners written over 100 years ago. As I skimmed through its pages, it was a chanty bellowed out by a group of fishermen storm-bound in Provincetown harbor aboard a schooner that was the grabber:

"She's the schooner *Lucy Foster*,
She's a seiner out of Gloucester,
She's an able, handsome lady,
She can go."

"The way she'll walk to wind'ard,
You would think that nothing hindered,
She's an able handsome lady,
See her go."

"She can sail to set you crazy,
Not a timber in her's lazy,
She's the handsome *Lucy Foster*
And, she's go-o-ing home."

"When she swings her main boom over
And she feels the wind abaft,
The way she'll walk to Gloucester'll
Make a steamer look a raft."
Oh, the *Lucy* left the ground,
And there's nothing standing 'round
Can hold the *Lucy Foster*
When the *Lucy's* homeward bound."

"For she's the *Lucy Foster*,
She's a seiner out of Gloucester,
She's an able, handsome lady,
And she's go-o-ing home."

The illustrations opposite and on page 23 nailed it for me. I'm not even a sailor but they surely have to thrill the hearts of any who are.

Perhaps I'm a hopeless romantic, but this evocation of what these hardy fishermen felt towards the schooners they risked (and

too often lost) their lives working aboard so affected me that the book went right to the top of my reading pile and in this issue on page 20 we start a short series of reprinted stories from it to better share with you what I felt.

About 20 years ago I had just a tiny taste of how it felt to sail these schooners when I got to go out on the Gloucester schooner *Adventure* on what proved to be her last sail before going into a lengthy, almost 20 year restoration hiatus (she is again sailing out of Gloucester today). Her crew was all volunteers who had labored long and hard working on keeping her afloat and sailing. And aboard her as a guest was the son of her last working owner/skipper from the 1920s.

The wind was southwest about 12-15, just right for a longish sail from the harbor "down east" to the Dry Salvages and back, reaching both ways, her finest point of sail. It was thrilling to "feel her go!"



On the Cover...

My Commentary in the July issue about the Gloucester fishermen and their schooners set in motion a series of communications resulting in this month's cover photo (taken with his drone by friend Harvey) of Harold Burnham's pinky schooner *Ardelle* sailing into a hazy vision of a bygone Gloucester harbor. Connie Benneck's letter, "A Wonderful Book," on page 4 leads to the first of several stories we'll be reprinting from that book, *Out of Gloucester*, which appears on pages 20-23.

About Last Month's Cover...

Whoops, the July issue cover photo found its way onto the August issue through a printer's error and my failure to spot the error when proofing prior to printing. How'd I miss so obvious an error? Old age inattentiveness or, more likely, just laziness. The correct photo does appear in the lower left corner of page 29 of the August issue, should you wish to see what my intention was. If "the road to failure is paved with good intentions," I'd better take note.



Harkening Back With Harvey
"Small craft images from today as viewed through a long ago lens."
Images by Harvey Petersiel
Lazy Days of Summers Past





You write to us about...

Information of Interest...

Solo September Cruise

This three part series all in the July issue was well written and educational as well as entertaining. Mostly, I was thrilled to be able to read of a mariner cruising my home waters. Not since the Constant Waterman appeared for years in *MAIB* has anyone done such a great exposé of cruising from Old Lyme to Mystic, Connecticut. These waters are magical, but few writers can capture the mystical essence "in a bottle." Mr Hume has done just wonderfully.

My steamboat and my Diesel boat both move so slowly that tide and wind can make all the difference. Only when I run my gasoline boat do those factors become meaningless. I have to believe that the early mariners of 1600s right up to 1814 or so must have struggled with winds and tides that were often adverse to navigation in the waters near New London, Fishers Island and the Connecticut River. I am surprised that Mr Hume did not notice the mermaids on the rocks of Fishers Island waters that were so visible to Matthew Goldman, and to me.

Kent Lacey, Captain Commanding Steam Launch *Golden Eagle*, Old Lyme, CT

A Wonderful Book

My love for sailing started early and for my ninth birthday our family doctor on Washington Square in New York City gave me this wonderful book, *Out Of Gloucester* by James B Connolly. When I started reading about 20 Gloucester fishing schooners on the Grand Banks taking a slant and heading for the shelter of Provincetown Harbor on Cape Cod because you can't fish for cod in a gale, I was hooked and still am! This should be a delightful addition to your collection at *MAIB* and I think you'll have as much enjoyment reading and rereading these stories as I have had over the past 80 years.

With your wonderful publication you are the proper recipient for this book and are in a position to let others know what they have been missing by not reading these stories. Long may they live and be enjoyed. It's a look back to the days of Gloucester schooners; the rivalry between captains and, once the hold is filled, the race to "T" Wharf in Boston where the first schooner to arrive gets the best price for his load of fish.

Sailing model boats at the Conservatory Lake in Central Park, New York City (about 73rd St and Fifth Ave) I met another boy who had the hull of a Boucher schooner. I bought it, made masts, booms and gaffs and named her *Lucy Foster* after one of the schooners in James Connolly's book. Over the years my *Lucy Foster* put in lots of mini model nautical

miles sailing back and forth on the Conservatory Lake in flat calms and in storms.

I learned a lot just watching how *Lucy Foster* reacted when a sudden gust would hit her, with no reefs she'd heel over until there was water on deck and then, as she picked up speed, she'd swing around, put her bow into the wind and stay there with fluttering sails. Then she'd fall off again and take another long tack to the other side of the lake.

My *Lucy Foster* has sailed in a model boat lake in Paris, at the Chiemsee in Bavaria, Germany, and in the Adriatic when we cruised the Yugoslavian island chain south-east of Pula. She has sailed in New England maritime waters at New Harbor on Block Island, Rhode Island.

Connie Bennecke, Dallas, TX

Editor Comments: We begin a series of reprinted stories from this book in this issue. We thank Connie for wishing to share them with you.

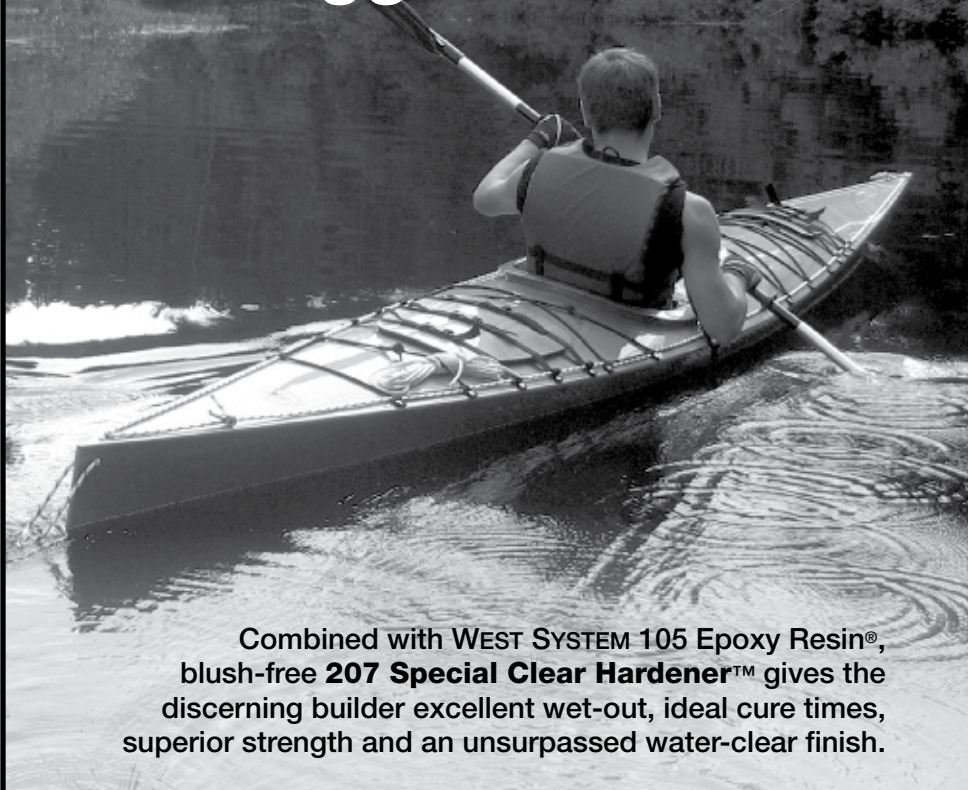
More Cedar Key Photos in Color

The July issue with my Cedar Key photos looks great! The link to see more photos (in color) is not correct though, it's missing one "o" in "goo"! If you want to add a correction next issue, this is the correct link:

<https://photos.app.goo.gl/9Dxf3SqworYJTbHx7>

Lenna Young Andrews, Bradenton, FL, creativelenna.com

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Annual Charity Boat Auction

This Labor Day weekend the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum will host its 22nd annual Charity Boat Auction on Saturday, August 31. More than 70 donated boats and watercraft ranging in size and performance from luxury boats to dinghies will be in the water and on land to be auctioned off to the highest bidders.

"This is an absolute auction, meaning all boats will be sold the day of the event, with no minimums or reserves, and CBMM staff and volunteers will be on hand at an onsite title office for ease of transfer and title work," said CBMM's Charity Boat Donation Program Director Taylor Williams. "These donated boats are sold year round and will be sold up until a few days prior to the auction."

In addition to being listed online, auction boats will be available for preview at CBMM on Friday, August 30, from 9am–5pm with a \$5 non member admission. Guests can also preview the boats on auction grounds beginning at 8am the day of the event, with bidding beginning at 11am.

The event also includes a flea market-style tag sale from 9–11am, where guests can purchase a variety of used boating gear including ground tackle, electrical equipment, hardware, rope, chain, oars, life jackets, fishing tackle, motors and more. Proceeds from the rain or shine event benefit the children and adults served by CBMM's education, restoration, and exhibition programming.

For the official rules, auction details and inventory updates, visit cbmm.org/boatauction or contact boatdonation@cbmm.org or (410) 745-4942.



Build Your Own Greenland Paddle

Looking for a simpler, lighter way to paddle? This fall the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, through its Apprentice for a Day Shipyard Programs, will host a two day workshop on constructing a Greenland paddle. Scheduled for 10am–4pm, Saturday and Sunday, September 7 and 8, this program invites the public to join CBMM's Shipyard Education Programs Manager Jenn Kuhn in building their own alternative to a "euro spoon" kayak paddle. Each participant will leave with their own cedar Greenland paddle, with materials and basic tools provided. Participants are encouraged to bring a bagged lunch each day.

Noted to reduce stress on hands, elbows and shoulders without sacrificing control and power, the Greenland paddle is remarkable for its narrower and longer blade. Based on a 1,000-year-old Inuit design, the paddle measures about the width of the kayaker's shoulders with a blade that is less than 4" wide that tapers to a shaft or "loom."

The cost for this program, which will be held in CBMM's Workshop Annex, is \$200, with a 20% discount for CBMM members. To register, visit cbmm.org/greenlandpaddle.



CBMM News

CBMM's Apprentice for a Day Shipyard Programs take place year round, offering demonstrations, workshops, intensives with visiting master craftsmen, on the water experiences and customized programming. Programs take place on weekends and select weekdays and include a variety of programs for every interest and age. To find one that's right for you, visit:

cbmm.org/shipyardprograms



Build Your Own Kayak

The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum will host a nine day workshop this fall to teach the basics of building a skin-on-frame kayak and Greenland paddle. From Saturday, September 28, to Sunday, October 6, all participants will construct and take home a kayak and paddle under the direction of Kiliü Yüyan and Addie Asbridge of Seawolf Kayak.

Seawolf's kayaks are a modern adaptation of traditional skin-on-frame kayaks made from red cedar, bamboo and "skinned" with nylon and non toxic polyurethane. In this program participants will learn construction techniques from traditional qayaq communities across the Arctic from Alaska to Greenland, including lashing, joinery and steam bending and leave the class with an ultra light, ultra durable sea kayak built entirely from start to finish with a few hand tools.

Each student will build a kayak designed for their paddling experience and interest from beginner day trippers to expert expedi-

tioners. No woodworking or kayaking experience is necessary to participate and the final day of the workshop will include a group paddle along the Miles River.

Seawolf Kayak's master kayak designer Kiliü Yüyan is an indigenous (Nanai) boat builder and photographer with a passion for all things wild who has guided survival expeditions by land and sea and paddled many regions of the world. He has spent years with traditional kayak using communities of the North, learning the skills of building qayaqs and umiaqs. Now he designs skin-on-frame kayaks for the modern paddler and helps return the kayak to its original communities and Native youth. Addie Asbridge, Seawolf's expert builder, has been with the company since 2015 and has been playing in woodshops since she was a child.

The program takes place on CBMM's waterfront St Michaels, Maryland, campus from 8:30am–6pm each day and costs \$2,100 per participant, which includes materials for a completed kayak and Greenland paddle. Participation is limited, to register email workshops@seawolfkayak.com, and mention this workshop at CBMM. For more information, visit cbmm.org or seawolfkayak.com.



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A Reader Says...

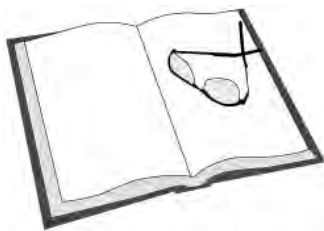
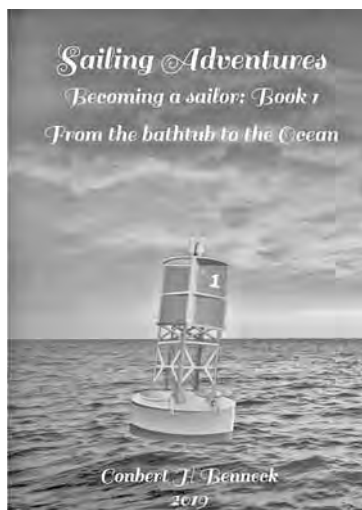
After I read "Sailing Adventures" by Conbert Benneck in your June issue, I was in tears when I finished. I've had friends who swallowed the anchor, and I may have to myself in 15-20 years, but I've never been led through the thought process of someone's decision to do so with such humor and thoughtfulness. My greatest wish for Mr Benneck, and for myself when it's my turn, is for younger sailing friends to take us out with them as often as possible. There is absolutely nothing on this earth (short of little children) that beats the wind, water, power and sounds of sailing and I hope Mr Benneck gets all he can take.

David Bower, Hillsbro, TX

The Author Says...

My granddaughter was finally able to meet all of Amazon's wishes in regards to formatting and the covers for my four sailing books (*Sailing Adventures*) and they are now available as soft cover books as well as downloads for their Kindle. You have published my *Sailing Adventures Book No 4*, which is about trailer sailing, in the April/May/June issues.

Sailing Adventures Book 1 is my story of how I gradually became a sailor. It starts in the bathtub and ends on an ocean. This is a book about the progression of learning the fundamentals of rowing, paddling and sailing and then continually expanding my horizons.



Book Review

Sailing Adventures Books 1/2/3/4

By Connie Benneck
Available on Amazon \$14.99 Softcover

The Reviewer Says...

Long time subscriber Connie Benneck has published a series of four books on his lifelong love of sailing. You got to read all of Book 4 in our April/May/June issues which, to me, is the best review you can get to help you to decide if you wish to read the preceding three, so onward:

It covers sailing in Germany on a lake at the edge of the Huertgen Forest (where the Battle of the Bulge took place), chartering a sailboat in Stockholm, Sweden, having to move from Germany to Paris when our company was consolidating their European offices, which required a boat change. This was the reason for having a 25' Norwegian powerboat built that had a one cylinder SABB diesel engine with a variable pitch propeller. We took delivery in Rotterdam and then went via inland waterways through Holland, Belgium and eventually back to the Seine near Paris. We went through 143 locks, all hand operated in France. Fuel cost for the whole trip was \$5.60 for tax free diesel fuel on European waterways.

My Dutch Customs documents for the boat were only valid for one year, which meant I had to leave France by going down the Seine to Rouen, which is an official seaport and getting my Dutch Customs documents closed out. I had now departed France with the boat and ended the trip in Le Havre. Then it was return to Rouen, enter France again with new ship's documentation (a New York State boat registration) and complete the journey back to the outskirts of Paris.

Sailing Adventures Book 2 takes up our tale when, after three years of cruising on the Seine, which stinks in August since it is Paris' open sewer, Katharina, my wife wanted a sailboat and wanted to enjoy clean water on the ocean again. That meant selecting and buying a new sailboat from a Dutch shipyard and the attendant delivery trip through Holland to the English Channel, then sailing down the Channel back to Le Havre, pulling the mast and going upstream on the Seine again.

We had just put our new boat to bed for the winter when Murphy got in the act again. I was asked to set up a new office in Munich, Germany. That is why we then, several years later, had our boat trucked from the Chiemsee to Italy, sailed across the Adriatic and explored the Yugoslavian island chain and

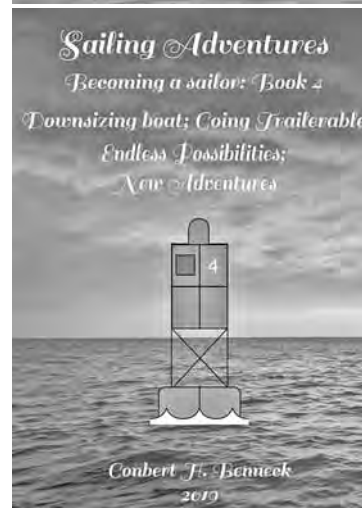
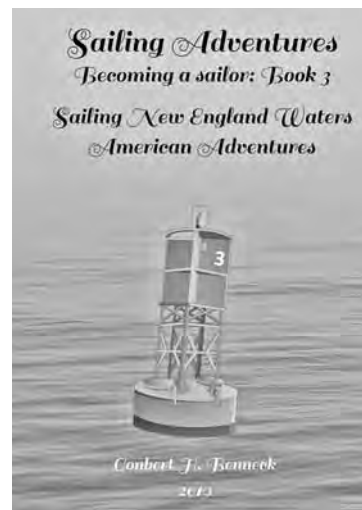
had new sailing experiences, such as being offered other Chiemsee Yacht Club members boats in the Adriatic and the Med, where we sailed from Elba to Corsica, and a year later were offered the boat again to further explore Corsica, but to also deliver the boat to Viareggio where the truck was going to deliver it back to the Chiemsee. This book ends when new top management at United Aircraft threw all of us from the International Marketing Division, out the window. We were fired.

The timing was ideal. We then planned to sail our Tripp-Lentsch 29 back to the US. Our children were excellent sailors and the right age. However, my friends at MTU-Muenchen, the German aircraft engine company, immediately offered me a job representing their company back at Pratt & Whitney Aircraft on a new joint venture commercial engine program.

This leads to *Sailing Adventures Book 3*, our adventures and experiences sailing in New England waters, fog sailing, sailing the islands around Cape Cod, sailing to Boston, helping our daughter's boyfriend bring his new (problem filled) Tripp-Lentsch from Rochester, New York, back to Staten Island, New York, his new home port, helping a Goose Island Cruising Club member sail his Newporter from Cape May, New Jersey, back to Mason's Island, Connecticut, but finally getting tired of the antics of powerboat drivers and the ever increasing costs of a day's sailing.

That leads to *Sailing Adventures Book 4*, which you published, about trailer sailing.

Thank you for making your readers aware of my books and expanding my book readership.





Golden Days at Sugar Island

Reprinted from *Canoe Sailor*
A Canoeing Reminiscence

By D. B. Goodsel

In 1903 I went to the first meet at Sugar Island. We had previously inspected the island and I had determined that if ever I camped there it would be on the little bay which has since become known as New York Bay, and camp there I did in 1903 and for several years thereafter. Dad Thorne and Pop Moore camped on the adjacent point, calling their camp "Thornmore Terrace." Jack Wright and Payne Kretzmer camped on the opposite side.

In 1903 I made a survey of the bay using only a tape and working alone. On Thornmore Terrace there is indicated a lighthouse (Frank Moore's white tent) with this note, "Especial care has been taken to locate the LIGHTHOUSE. As a further aid to navigation the interval of black and white flashes will be increased on request." The bay became known as a sailor's snug harbor and has retained its character pretty well ever since.

Coming home one evening I looked up to see a small tree near my tent and I could hardly believe that I was awake for there sat, quite calmly and undisturbed, a large eagle. At another time we saw a migration of squirrels swimming away from Sugar Island.

One evening as we sat around Dad Thorne's campfire, anxiously awaiting the heating of some hot water for the punch, a skunk quietly appeared. We kept very quiet and Dad produced a small rifle and fired at the varmint. He hit a pail which doused the fire and Mr Skunk lit out, leaving a trail to be remembered for several days.

In 1906 at Sugar Island when Harry Quick was Commodore, the Foggy Dew order was revived and I was summoned by Harry Ward. When we reached the adjacent island where the ceremonies were to take place, we found that Herman Dudley Murphy had preceded us and was camped there in the hope that he would escape the noise and racket for the night. He promptly decamped.

Percy Hogan had created a most unusual goat from a log and some branches, it had a fine pair of horns and handles for the bearers. We were properly paddled on our way up the hill, the last event being an egg shampoo. After the campfire and celebration were over, I went home with Harry Ward and nearly upset the canoe, much to Harry's distress.

Next morning when I awoke I realized that there was something unusual with my hair, not sensing at once where I had been the night before. I had retired with my egg shampoo intact! Someone had photographed me that morning lying face down on the dock trying to remove the glue from my hair.

The Foggy Dew was revived again in 1907, 1908 and 1909 when it faded away again. Judge Wilkin said once that he belonged to over 30 secret societies and that he had never seen anything funnier than these initiations. Quick, Lin Palmer and Percy Hogan were the originators.



Quick - Osholm Tent, Early A.M., 1892

A never to be forgotten campfire occurred at Sugar Island about this time, the year forgotten. It was held at a time when nearly everyone had gone to Gananoque to attend a dance at the Canoe Club. The old mossbacks, including myself, protested at this desertion of camp. We had come from a distance to be at the island to "sagasticate" with one another, so we got together as a protest. Commodore Gardner, Cap Ruggles, E.H. Barney, Herman Dudley Murphy, Jimmy Hand, Dad Thorne, Frank Hoyt and others, a small bunch of kindred souls.

Murphy selected a secluded spot where we made a small fire and the story telling started, to continue till the wee small hours. Cap Ruggles related the building of his first canoe and his early experiences as a tugboat captain on the Great Lakes, aided by Commodore Gardner. Barney related stories of

his early experiences in canoeing in the Pecowsik and Lacowsic, the latter the only three masted canoe that I ever knew of. It was the most interesting campfire that I have ever attended. My regret is that I have to rely on my memory alone for what was related.

Happiest Days of My Life

By James King Hand, May 11, 1929

The camps at Sugar Island are remembered as the happiest days of my life. The clear green blue water of the St Lawrence is a most pleasant contrast to the muddy silt carrying waters of the southern rivers. I have always thought that the Thousand Islands are the very best change possible for one who lives on salt water or away from nice clean water. They are a wonderful playground for those who enjoy water sports. It is 40 years since my first meet and I still have the same enthusiasm and love of the locality that I had at first in spite of the fact that I have traveled and seen other places.

In 1931 at the meet on Sugar Island we had a notable reunion at Mudlunta Island at the invitation of Commodore Ralph Britton. Present were George Lewis, John S. Wright, Freddy Wolters and Fred Senior, James K. Hand, Ralph Britton and myself, all of whom were present at a similar function 30 years before at the same place on invitation of Ralph Britton's father, Commodore, in 1901. Such sustained interest speaks well for the AC. Long may it live and prosper.

An Ode to Sugar Island

You may search through all creation
For a place for your vacation
When the sizzling days and nights in August
come around.

Let me tell you where, at leisure
You can find all kinds of pleasure
On the water, in the water, in the air and on
the ground.

There is sailing, swimming, boating,
If upon that sport you're doting
There is paddling, tilting, diving, there is
fishing on the side.

There are days for sporty trolling
As across the waves you're rolling
And a "bracer" for the fisherman, when all
his lures he's tried.

Every night the campfire's burning,
Everyone his steps are turning
To foregather "round the blazing logs and
hear the songs ring out."

Songs of fifty years ago sir,
Songs that everybody knows, sir,
Latest songs and lilts and chantys with a
clamor and a shout.

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JGTSCA



John Gardner Traditional Small Craft Association

Welcome to John Gardner
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Good Little Skiff & Dory Maintenance
from 5:00 pm Fridays, at UCONN Avery Point Boat house Building 36
Next Meeting: Sunday, September 8th at 12:30 pm
Potluck with Meeting to follow at UCONN Avery Point Boathouse Bldg. 36

Local: www.JGTSCA.org www.facebook.com/JGTSCA
National: www.TSCA.net

The John Gardner Small Craft Workshop at the WoodenBoat Show

By Bill and Karen Rutherford

Photographs by Bill and Karen Rutherford, Brian Cooper and Sharon Brown

On behalf of the John Gardner Chapter of the Traditional Small Craft Association

Rather than recount all the activities of the weekend, we thought we would share some photos of the highlights. Our lead photo is of the start of the comparison row (it was not a race) between Michael and Kristin Culbertson rowing conventionally in our *Susan B. Holland* and Andy Strode rowing a front facing oar system in the Seaport's John Gardner modified Herreshoff rowing boat, commonly known as *The Green Machine*. It was an interesting exercise (pun intended) as they rowed down to the bridge and back. Andy had the advantage of seeing where he was going, Michael and Kristin had the advantage of longer waterline length and double the person power. Michael and Kristin took the scenic tour, visiting the *Sabino* and the Shipyard, while Andy went straight as an arrow. They finished very close together, possibly out of respect for Andy, but with smiles all around. No one was out of breath and all had praise for their fine rowing boats.



Right after Dawn Miller, Manager of the Seaport Boathouse, welcomed us and advised us that we all wear life vests when on the water at the Seaport, Duncan Wright led us in a fun beach demonstration of Rescue Under Oar and Sail. As you can see, one of the JGTSCA dories has capsized and the folks in the little red canoe have come to the rescue. Duncan walked (swam?) us through two scenarios, one in shallow water, one in deeper water. Lines were thrown, persons rescued and boats righted. I was fortunate to be saved by my grandson and granddaughter and the boat saved in the shallow water scenario. Alas, we lost the boat in the deep water scenario but all crew were saved. Good fun and new skills learned.



Nicole (Nicky) Stimpson, an elite level sculler and former crew coach at Annapolis, was tempted away from the CLC tent to demonstrate their new Oxford II Shell. At 20'10" it weighs only 40lbs and is designed to handle a chop. As Nicky sculled, keeping the blades just inches above the water, Carl Kaufman narrated the skills she was using. They demonstrated stability with the oars in the water (Carl keeps a piece of velcro in his pocket while sculling to tie the handles together while he takes a break) and lack of stability with the oars out of the water. This combined nicely with Carl's landside display of his Grahame King recreational single fresh out of his shop in Mystic. For more info, see Carl's recent article in *WoodenBoat*.



That other kind of sculling was in evidence as well as Ben Fuller coached Steve McDermott in the fishermen's method of getting out to their lobster boats while relaxing in the bottom of the Seaport's Culler designed work punt *Skye*. Ben explained the flat blade approach. Steve will take that new skill home to his recent build, a 15' Lowell Coast Guard Dory. Pop up sessions like this went on all day long. Ben also helped fine-tune Pete Peter's Delaware Ducker sprit rig, suggesting some additional brailing lines and reef points.



Our general theme was Camp Cruising and the boys from the Chesapeake, Pete Peters and Paul Skalka, entertained us all, pulling items from their camp cruising kits like this folding bowl that snaps together. Bits of advice included, "Don't use dry ice, it'll freeze your beer" and "When you leave the launch ramp, turn around and take a photo. Then hit the man overboard button on your GPS and it will remember the lat/long." That and, "Check the dew point before turning in without a boom tent, you could wake up soaking wet."



Continuing the Camp Cruising theme, Dan Nelson shared how to pitch a tent in a dory, his CLC Southwester (sail only, please) dory. Here he is rolling out the center support for his bicycle backpacker tent that fits neatly between the side bench/air tanks. The question was asked, "Why do this?" answered by, "Have you seen the size of the mosquitoes in Maine?" Dan has cruised his dory from Maine to Wisconsin so knows of what he speaks. He did, however, admit to prefer to nose up onto a beach before setting up and, if on the Great Lakes, staying there until morning.



Brian Cooper led rows up the river on Saturday morning and down the river on Sunday morning. In the photo are Bob Lister in his Flapjack Skiff, Shelly and Bill Stirling in their Beach Pea Pod, Thad Danielson in a stretched Spurling Row Boat, Tom Clark in his off the grid, electrically powered CLC Southwester Dory and, peeking from behind, Pete Peters in his Delaware Ducker. Other Saturday participants included Tom Shepard, Ralph Szur (who sailed back), Liz Blackwell, as well as Dan Nelson and Brian Hammond, Ben Fuller and a wonderful father daughter team rowing the *Susan B.* on Sunday.



If we prefer to cruise off the grid, Tom Clark had the solution with his CLC Southwester (power only, please) dory. Basically the same boat as Dan's but with a 3hp equivalent Torqeedo outboard in a well. Tom has experienced 25 miles on a single battery charge at which point he switches over to the flexible Torqeedo solar panels on his bimini roof. Unless it is close to dark, that takes him off the grid. He explained that the boat is built of plantation grown okoume with reclaimed spruce flooring for frames.




It was not all lecture and learn, days were scheduled to include free time to row and sail. Here a young family, the Blackwells, are getting ready to take a peapod out for a row as Dane Rochelle zooms by in his flattie skiff recently built by the Classic Boat Society on the east end of Long Island.



We hope this little photo album of the weekend gives you a sense of the activities and the fun people of all ages and backgrounds were having centered around small, traditional craft. Of course, lots more was going on all around, the *Sabino's* steam whistle was hooting and classic wooden boats ghosted by (one beautiful S boat comes to mind). But it was the people that made the weekend, seeing old friends and making new ones. And of course the boats, did you see Mike Magee's beautiful new Jersey Beach Skiff?

Special thanks to Brian Cooper who, to the amazement of all who passed, carved an Eskimo kayak paddle right before their very eyes, to Carl Hammer and John Gearing for their beautiful knot work that drew people in, to Dan Nelson and others who staffed the TSCA Booth all day every day, to Sarah Clement who cheerfully checked us in at 7am in the morning and coordinated folks staying on the *Conrad* (although, I am told spent the night on Schooner *Brilliant*), to Dawn Miller, Manager of the Seaport Boathouse, for adroitly balancing the requests of visitors with available livery boats, to *Wooden Boat* who made the Boathouse boats free for the weekend, to the Seaport's Shannon McKenzie who organized the whole shebang, to the demonstrators and presenters who gave so freely of their time, but especially to the attendees of the Wooden Boat Show with their many questions (why is that boat pointy at both ends?) and fellow boat nuts that make all this possible.



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Paddle Professionally

Got an envelope the other day from our old friend Alicia with a couple of articles she thought might interest us. She has been doing this for a long time, and it's always fun and often very informative to see what she has found for us.

This time around, both her enclosures were related to kayaking. The first was an article from the *Wall Street Journal* (Sat/Sun June 1/2, 2019) titled "Paddle, Professionally." This article, by Erik Baard, describes the ease and joy available to urban paddlers, who can travel in a completely seaworthy craft, without worrying about having to paddle back the way they came. Just fold up the boat and take the subway home.

Although Tammy had a Feathercraft single (such a great loss to boaters when that great company folded, pardon the pun) and I was familiar with Klepper boats from the 1970s, the advantage to city dwellers of folding boats really struck home when we were meeting in Liberty Park on the Jersey shore for a paddle around Manhattan, and one of

Long Haul Mark II traditional-style folding kayak in Greenland.



The other article was a list of upcoming events at our local river watch organization. The second item on the list was titled "Mindfulness Paddles."

"The intent of these paddles is to be fully present to our time on the water. Before embarking we'll share a simple reading designed to quiet our minds and paddle mindfully, savoring the beauty of the river."

Alicia had marked this item with underlinings, highlighting, and an exclamation point, with a plaintiff "What does this mean?!"

I had no idea. I admit to a serious (crippling?) skepticism about much that I would brand as "New-Agey." Been that way since the original Woodstock, but I thought I would tag along and see if integrating New-Age into kayaking would give me some insight.

Unfortunately, I didn't realize the time until just before the event was to start, and I had to load up a boat, get the gear together, and find the meeting place. As it was, I missed the reading and the embarkation and forgot my PFD, as well. Fortunately, I had grabbed my handy Hurricane Island Outward Bound School book of readings. Surely I would find something that would quiet my churning mind and prepare me to fully appreciate the beauty of the river in there.

The book is chock-full of inspiring snippets, but I was feeling, I admit, a degree of skepticism, so I took Bill Bryson as my guide, from his wonderful *A Walk in the Woods* (ISBN: 0767902513; ISBN13: 9780767902519; May 4th 1998 by Bantam Doubleday Dell):

"The American woods have been unnerving people for 300 years. The inestimable priggish and tiresome Henry David Thoreau thought nature was splendid, splendid indeed, so long as he could stroll to town

Readings from Alicia

By David Eden, Editor
Atlantic Coastal Kayaker

the participants showed up in a big yellow taxi, hauled a large pack out of the trunk, and assembled his kayak there on the shore. I had just recently been living in a narrow apartment building in Cambridge with a 90° turn in its basement stairs, and manoeuvring my 16'6" Valley Selkie into the basement had always been a nightmare. Now with room to store it, I wasn't tempted to turn in my hardshell, but I could see how the ability to keep my boat in a closet would have been a great improvement.

With the increasing number of traditional folding, inflatable, or origami-like kayaks, rafts, and paddleboards, space is not an issue for paddlers, and these boats are completely worthy of long trips. Baard mentions a trip he took up New York's Raquette River to Montreal, returning by bus to Vermont.

If you are thinking of adding a packing, folding, or inflatable to your paddling quiver, there are almost too many choices on the market, from the heavy duty expedition skin and frame folders by Long Haul (reviewed in *ACK* March 2015, Vol 24, No 1), to the surreal origami of the Oru (reviewed in *ACK* Oct 2014, Vol 23, No 7 and *ACK* June 2016, Vol 25, No 4), to super high-performance and modern design boats like Trak Kayaks Trak 2.



TRAK 2.0 folding kayak in the surf off Vancouver Island.

ORU Coast XT origami folder crossing the Straits of Florida.



Mindful Kayaking...What, Me Worry?

for cakes and barley wine, but when he experienced real wilderness on a visit to Katahdin in 1846, he was unnerved to the core. This wasn't the tame world of overgrown orchards and sun-dappled paths that passed for wilderness in suburban Concord, Massachusetts, but a forbidding, oppressive, primeval country that was 'grim and wild... savage and dreary,' fit only for 'men nearer of kin to the rocks and wild animals than we.' The experience left him, in the words of one biographer, 'near hysterical.'

As I was already somewhat hysterical after all my rushing about, this quieted my mind and prepared me to be fully present to the tame world of the river, I thought. But I was still focused on catching up to the group of mindful paddlers, consciousness not in the now, but off in the weeds. So was I to fail at mindfulness?

I put my paddle together and started off on the tannin-dark, perfect mirror of the water. The evening was approaching. Lush growth crowded the shores, with birds gently singing their afternoon sex and war paeans. Aah, thinks I, should be easy to slip into mindfulness (and the present tense. Should keep me also fully present to my time).

And then the trains start coming by. The tracks run parallel to this part of the river, and the rattle and shriek of the wheels and the clanging of the bells and the very LOUD groan of the warning horn fill my awareness, but I am not sure that awareness and mindfulness are the same. I mean, if you meet a bear in the woods, I would be aware of it, but I would not be fully present to my time with Brer Bruin. I would be entirely in the future of run or be lunch. So I twirl my paddle a bit and

float until the ruckus diminishes, as the last of three(!) trains rattle-tee-traps into the distance.

I look around. Ah, beauty. A brilliant white American heron preens in the top of a pine. Slanting rays of the evening dapple the water. I focus on a glinting brown tip of something poking out of the water. A turtle's head? No, a stick. I remember the Navaho song (from Tony Hillerman's Chee and Leaphorn novels): "Beauty in front of me, beauty behind me, beauty above me," (hey, it's working!) "Beauty below me, beauty all around me, I walk in beauty. In the house of long life, there I wander. In the house of happiness, there I wander. Beauty before..."

And then the lawnmower starts. I am coming to the part of the river where the houses are. Lawnmowers are like mammoths. When one starts to bellow, others call out in challenge. And sure enough, mower after mower starts roaring in an evening concert that drowns out all but the loudest sounds. And then another howling starts as I come around a bend and see a pod of six or seven sit-on-tops filled with twenty-some-things, bellowing and shrieking with laughter. "Practicing mindlessness," I sniff. They might be having fun. They certainly seem to be, but they could be anywhere wet. "Not fully present to their time on this river!"

I just don't seem to get it. I have seen some lovely things and had a nice opportunity to feel superior, but still am no closer to answering Alicia's question. So I paddle on, searching for the mindful paddlers. Maybe when I run across them, I will be able to ask someone.

Ah hah! I come around a bend and see a crowd of boats ahead of me, heading straight for the dam. As I approach, I notice that no one is talking. At all. They are just paddling

slowly and gazing around as if they aren't sure where they are. They all drift to a stop a safe distance from the dam and sit staring at it. I pass an older man and he gazes at me like a ruptured ox. No greeting, no smile. I would like to ask him what mindfulness means to him, but it's obvious that an attempt to start a conversation would be very unwelcome.

And so I turn back and retrace my path upstream, questions unasked, quandary unsolved. Past the lawnmowers, the twenty-somethings, the turtle stick. A fish begins to jump ahead of me, leading me on. I pass a man on a sit-on-top with his young son behind, fishing rods in their holders. A cheerful "Hello!"

from them both. Does acknowledging someone you are passing break your mindfulness? To heck with it. "How's the fishing?" I ask.

As I continue to paddle upriver, rich associations of the past and anticipations of the future fill my mind. (It's getting near dinner-time.) My path on the river lights up with a bright burst from the setting sun. I smell the rich odor of the still water, watch the fussy appearance of a flock of Canada geese that grump their way out of the tall reeds on the shore. I see legions of irritated geese before them, all the geese I have ever noticed, and smell all the waters I have known. My mind races forwards and back, stimulated and

teased by my physical and mental senses as I pull at last into the float and haul my boat out of the water, throwing it on my shoulder for the walk along the shore to where I left the car.

So I guess I just don't know what it means to be fully present to my time on the water. My mind doesn't work that way, but runs back and forth between experience and anticipation, taking time to notice the present each time I come back to it. So alas, Alicia. I just don't know, either.



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Selections from the *Mainsheet*, Newsletter of the Delaware River Chapter TSCA

The day started out well. There were four coffeed sailors planning to sail to Smith Island. It was the Tangier Sound Regatta, organized by the Old Bay TSCA. The Old Bay TSCA is an interesting entity in itself in that even though it is a chartered member of the National TSCA, the chapter purposely has no officers and no charter. And no dues. Their mission is to go sailing on small boats on the Chesapeake. Pretty simple.

We camped on Janes Island State Park. Four boats planned a trip to Smith Island to overnight and four boats would day sail in Little Anemessett River. Fresh breeze and clear sky greeted *Obadiah* and the others. I had tied one reef in at the dock and then we tacked southward through the canal to Crisfield then into Tangier Sound. We hove to and gathered several times in order to plan the trip. Little did I know this was to be the beginning of a disaster.

The wind was 13-15mph from the south which meant a long close haul and perhaps one or two tacks as we neared Smith. We planned to enter the Great Thoroughfare, which had been recently dredged to 9'. VHF



I stood one day by the breezy bay a-watching the ships go by,

When a tired tar said, with a shake of his head: "I wisht I could tell a lie!

"I've seen some sights as would jigger yer lights, And they've jiggered me own, in sooth,

But I ain't wuth a darn at spinnin' a yarn what wanders away from the truth.

"We were out in the gig, the Rigagajig, jest a mile and a half to sea,

When Captin' Snook, with a troubled look, he came and he says to me:

"O Bos'n Smith, make haste forthwith and hemstitch the fo'ard sail; Accordeon pleat the dory sheet, For there's going to be a gale."

"I straightway did as the captin' bid No sooner the job was through

When the north wind, whoof, bounced over the roof, and, murderin' lights, she blew!

"She blew the tars right off the spars, And the spars right off the mast,

Sails and pails and anchors and nails flew by on the wings o' the blast.

"The galley shook as she blew our cook straight out o' the porthole glim,

While pots and pans, kettles and cans went clatterin' after him.

A Day to Forget But Worth Sharing

By Pete Peters.

monitored Channel 16 and the buddy system and fleet mentality was in place.

As we turned westward the call on the VHF to the fleet was, "*Slipjig, Comfort, Red Molly*, this is *Obadiah*. I'm dismasted and need help!" There I was. The mast below the hinge had cracked and was floating to leeward of *Obadiah*, bobbing in the rough seas. The windward (port) turnbuckle fitting was loose and separated. The fleet surrounded me as I lashed the sail and mast secure. The Honda started on one pull (as I thanked a higher power) and we motored the 45 minutes to the park ramp.

Lessons learned. I usually place stainless steel wire through the turnbuckle screw toggle holes to prevent unscrewing, however, with the constant pitching in the rough seas those on the port turnbuckle had fallen out. The turnbuckle unscrewed and now the mast was unstayed and broke just above the goose-



neck and below the hinge. The news is that the break was not an engineering failure. Lesson learned. Double check turnbuckle and use cotter pins.

Some good lessons that are reinforced and worthy of sharing are, buddy system, VHF on, life jacket on, outboard that is reliable and extra fuel for a long ride home.

Postscript. Later that afternoon, after *Obadiah* was securely on its trailer, I sailed with Doug Oeller on *Comfort* and rafted up for a splendid fun evening of song, drinking and camaraderie. The mast is now repaired thanks to my new best friend Paul Skalka. He generously gave his time, expertise and wood shop for the restoration project. *Obadiah* will be ready for the Barnegat Sail.



A Nautical Extravagance

By Wallace Irwin

"She blew the fire from our gallant stove and the coal from our gallant bin,

She whistled apace past the captin's face and blew the beard off his chin!

"O wizzel me dead!" the captin' said (And the words blew out of his mouth);

"We're lost, I fear, if the wind don't veer and blow awhile from the south."

"And wizzel me dead, no sooner he'd said them words that blew from his mouth,

Than the wind switched round with a hurricane sound and blew straight in from the south.

"We opened our eyes with a wild surprise, and never a word to say

In changin' her tack the wind blew back the things that she'd blew away!

"She blew the tars back onto the spars, and the spars back onto the mast;

Back flew the pails, the sails, and the nails, which into the ship stuck fast.

"And 'fore we could look she blew back the cook straight into the galley coop;

Back dropped the pans, kettles, and cans, without even spillin' the soup.

"She blew the fire back into the stove where it burnt in its proper place

And all of us cheered as she blew the beard back on the captin's face.

"There's more o' me tale," said the sailor hale, "As would jigger yer lights, in sooth,

But I ain't wuth a darn at spinnin' a yarn what wanders away from the truth."



Background

This is the seventh and last in a series of articles in which I describe the first summer of my trip to circumnavigate the “Lower 48” of the United States in a 19’ Cornish Shrimper named *Tidings*. The plan is to do this over a period of five to six years, leaving the boat where she ends up when the warm weather stops each year. The trip began at Kent Island, Maryland, on May 4, 2018, and ended for Season One on August 31, 2018, in Rockland, Maine. The end of Episode 6 of this narrative left *Tidings* at Hodgdon Marine in Hendricks Harbor off the Sheepscot River.

Southport to Rockland

On Monday morning, July 23, the mechanic at Hodgdon Marina fixed *Tidings*’ leaky stuffing box. My friend Steve Warfle had tried but been unable to free the adjuster nut which had evidently not been turned for many years. At first the mechanic had the same problem. Then he walked back to his shop and returned with the largest monkey wrench I have ever seen. The handle of that wrench must have been 3’ long. The mechanic put the wrench in place, leaned on the handle and the nut finally came loose.

After that it was a 15 minute job to check that the stuffing material did not need replacing (it did not) and adjust the nut to allow only the desired amount of water to weep onto the drive shaft. I topped off the fuel tank, filled my water jugs, said goodbye to my newfound friends at the marina and headed off alone toward Rockland. Steve had returned to work.

I am accustomed to sailing alone but in those unfamiliar waters with so many miles ahead of me, I felt a bit vulnerable. This made me very careful. I always wore my PFD if the boat was in motion. My VHF radio and SPOT emergency location transmitter were attached to the PFD. I planned the route for each day with compass headings, distances and way points written in a sail plan so that there was no need to make any decisions or calculations about navigation while underway. And I became more conscious of not straining my back while hoisting the sails and anchor.

My route for the first solo day in Maine took me south of Cape Newagen and Collectors Ledge. Ledges are large flat rocks that lie just below the surface of the water. You don’t want to run your boat up onto a ledge. Once clear of the ledge, I turned to the east, passing the Ram Island lighthouse to enter Fisherman Passage at 1210. The wind was from the north at about 5 knots. This put me on a nice gentle reach once I entered the passage. There were plenty of small islands and rocks to keep me interested and focused on careful navigation.

Once through the passage, I continued east through nine miles of open water in Muscongus Bay to go see the puffins on Eastern Egg Rock, arriving there at 15:30. The island is a bird sanctuary and only authorized people can go ashore. From the number of small structures evident on the island, the birds get plenty of human company and observation. Puffins are small and they fly fast. I could see a few of them flying and feeding near the shore. I tried to take some photos but they don’t show the birds very well.

Having achieved a personal goal of seeing those puffins, it was time for me to head for an anchorage for the night. I had chosen Harbor Island, located about four miles north

Tidings’ Great Adventure Part 7: End of Season One

By Douglass Oeller

of Eastern Egg Rock because more than one sailor I met on the trip recommended it as a favorite scenic and safe anchorage. The anchorage is between Harbor and Hall Islands. It is about a half mile long and a quarter mile wide with the entrance open to the north. The entrance gets some protection from other nearby islands. Not surprisingly, there were already a few cruising yachts there at anchor when I arrived. I decided to drop anchor in the shallow western side where there is only 3’ of water at low tide.

There were lobster pots in that shallow water. There were lobster pots everywhere I visited in Maine. It is hard to describe and impossible to imagine how many lobster pots there are in Maine’s coastal waters. Each pot is attached to a line that has a small buoy at the other end. These colorful buoys are what I saw dotting the water’s surface. The lines connecting the buoy to the lobster trap can hang up on the rudder or wrap around the propeller when trying to maneuver through the labyrinth of buoys.

I had been warned about this hazard. The cruising guide suggests carrying a sharp serrated knife, a diving face mask and a wet suit. If the boat fouls a line I get in the water, cut the line (if necessary) to free the buoy, tie the cut ends together, let the pot go and then dive under the boat to free the cut out piece from the propeller. *Tidings* has a shallow keel that protects the propeller. Her rudder is mounted on the transom and there is a small piece of metal bridging the gap between keel and rudder. So I never snagged a lobster line when moving forward.

But I did manage to back down on one while setting the anchor in that small cove. Some colorful language ensued. Then I sat down and considered what to do. It was still daylight. The air temperature was in the 70s. The wind had slowed to just a gentle breeze. The water was cold, but not painfully so. I first tried sitting in the dinghy and reaching under *Tidings* to free the line but it soon became clear that I would need to get under the boat. I had a serrated knife and a dive mask with snorkel. And I am an experienced diver who feels very comfortable underwater but I did not have a wetsuit. This was problematic because I have some heart disease. My cardiologist has excused me from shoveling snow because doing hard work in cold conditions puts extra strain on the heart.

After some consideration I judged that the water was not dangerously cold, the physical exertion would only be moderate and there are worse fates than dying of a heart attack in a scenic harbor at the end of a good day of sailing in Maine. So, overboard I went. I was wearing Keen sandals instead of swim fins. I like to wear the Keens in the water because they are very buoyant and help to keep me afloat while swimming. Unfortunately, each time I dove under the stern my feet kept floating up to the surface, forcing me to work upside down with my back rubbing against *Tidings*’ bottom.

I discovered a previously latent talent for cursing with a snorkel in my teeth. Then

I focused on staying calm, working slowly to avoid an excessive heart rate, and was able to free the line without cutting it after a few dives. I released the pot, climbed up the ladder back into *Tidings* and felt pleased with the successful and non fatal outcome. I dried off, lit the oil lamp to warm the cabin, drank some hot soup and turned in early that night.

The morning of July 24 dawned with heavy fog. I found my way by chart and GPS going buoy to buoy the eight miles to Port Clyde. My course took me past Jenks Ledge, Goose Rock Ledge, Gay Cove Ledge and Murray Ledge. All were clearly marked with buoys. But I was painfully aware just how much my safety depended on the GPS. I had the magnetic course and compass headings marked on my chart but without the GPS it would have been extremely difficult to know my exact location at any given time. And the ledges were out there waiting.

Port Clyde is a pleasant place to visit. I arrived at 1145, tied up to a visitor’s dock and stayed for two hours. There is a wonderful general store right on the waterfront that stocks basic groceries and also has a nice assortment of fancy stuff for the cruisers. There is also a very good ice cream shop on the hill above the town dock. I enjoyed an amble through the store, had lunch in the dockside restaurant behind the store and made my way slowly up the hill to sample some of that ice cream.

The fog had cleared briefly during my visit. But it closed in again quickly as I left. Maybe it never had lifted beyond the harbor. I continued to go very slowly, running the D-sail just above idle, and headed toward Seal Harbor, which was my chosen anchorage for that night. The distance is about ten miles. I arrived at the entrance buoy at 1730 and could not see any land at all. I made a blind entrance and dropped anchor in the designated area just west of Long Ledge.

I was disappointed because I had been to Seal Harbor on previous trips. It is a lovely scenic place to spend a night. But I couldn’t see any of it. I did see an occasional seal as it swam over to investigate my boat at anchor. It would break the surface, exhale, give me a bemused glance and go on about its business. I lit the oil lamp, prepared a hot meal and turned in early once again.

The morning of July 25 I was still completely fogbound. I never caught a glimpse of the land during that visit to Seal Harbor. I considered staying for another day but decided to continue because now I was back in the familiar waters of the Mussel Ridge channel. The channel is bordered by the mainland on the west and many islands on the east. I had been through it several times on previous visits to Maine and knew it to be well marked.

The distance from Seal Harbor to Rockland Harbor is about eight miles. My strategy was to motor slowly, staying very close to the channel markers. I figured this would keep me clear of most large vessels. As I neared Owls Head and the entrance to Rockland Harbor, there was incessant chatter on the VHF between vessels looking at each other on radar and Automatic Identification System (AIS) screens. Many were pleasure vessels and I kept hoping that those captains were also looking out into the fog occasionally. I don’t have AIS equipment and am not certain how good a radar target *Tidings* presents.

Once clear of Owls Head I stayed close to shore, figuring that the larger vessels with all

the navigation gear would be running straight courses across the middle of the harbor. At 1530 I arrived, tired and wet, at Journey's End Marina in Rockland where they assigned me a spot on a floating dock behind a large power cruiser. It began to rain so I set up my cockpit awning and retired for a long nap free from the stress of fog and an active imagination.

In the early evening, I decided to walk to town and have dinner in a brew pub. Sciatic pain was a constant companion all summer long. It kept me from exploring much ashore. And it was bad that day. As I struggled up the hill into town, limping badly, I noticed a young woman walking downhill toward me. She glanced up, saw me, and immediately crossed the street to avoid me. That hurt my feelings. But, from her perspective, I suppose it was just sensible caution.

The brew pub had chairs with no cushions and served me a mediocre meal after an exceptionally long wait. I regretted having made the walk and limped back to *Tidings* feeling tired and ready to go home. I drank some bourbon and soon fell asleep to the sound of rain on the awning.

The rain continued the next morning. I used the marina shower and laundry. As I returned to the boat, the owner of the large power boat next to *Tidings* walked over to say hello and ask me about my trip. He had noticed the Maryland registration numbers. We chatted about boating and I asked if he was leaving that day. He said no. He had been towed into the marina and was waiting for engine repairs. I asked why he needed the tow, given that he had two engines. He looked a little embarrassed and said that he had forgotten to switch fuel tanks and had run his remaining functioning engine out of fuel.

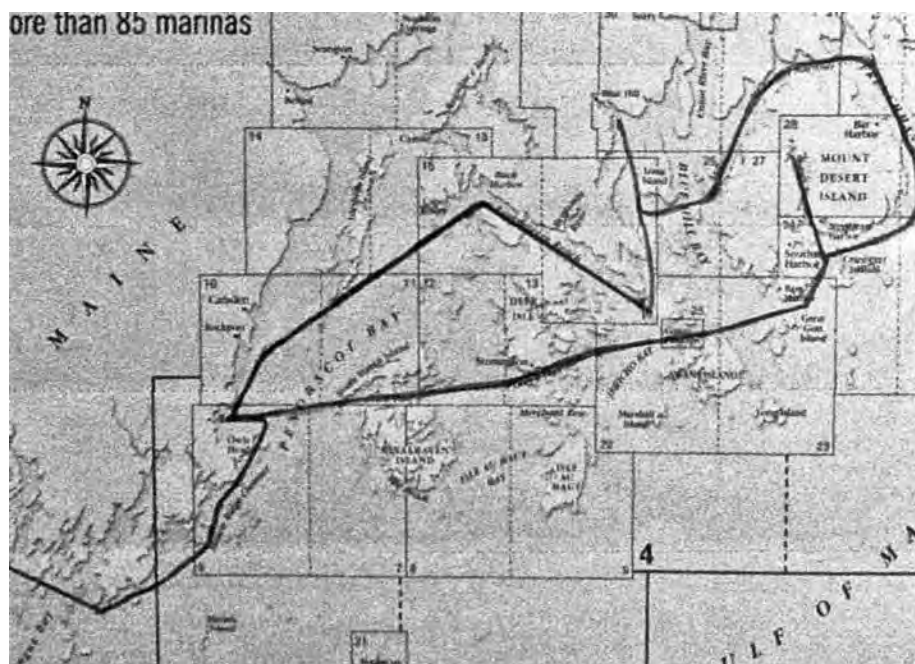
I gave him a smile and said, "You know, when I make a head slapper mistake like that I usually say it's a good thing I don't fly airplanes." He laughed, pointed to the name on his boat, which was *Missed Approach*, and told me that he was a commercial airline pilot. I guess that's why they require co pilots on commercial aircraft.

That afternoon the rain let up and I moved *Tidings* to the mooring field in front of the Apprentice Shop where I had arranged to leave her for three weeks while I returned home. I packed my duffel, said farewell to *Tidings* and spent the night in a motel across from the ferry terminal. On July 29 I took a bus from Portland to Rockland and flew home for some time ashore.

Rockland to Points Down East

I spent the next three weeks at home in Maryland enjoying my family and the comfort of a soft bed. By August 18 I was well rested and ready for the Down East cruise. On that day I flew back to Portland, reclaimed my truck and trailer, drove to Rockland, did some grocery shopping, stashed my truck and trailer in the lot behind the Apprentice Shop and spent the night aboard *Tidings*. I was ready to leave early the next morning.

During the next 12 days, I did a solo cruise of Down East Maine. The route was a counterclockwise circuit leading through Deer Island Thorofare, Jericho Bay, Casco Passage, the Gulf of Maine, up and down Somes Sound, Frenchman Bay, Mt Desert Narrows, Blue Hill Bay, Eggemoggin Reach and Penobscot Bay. I stopped overnight at Vinalhaven (Perry Creek), Swans Island, Bass Harbor, Southwest Harbor, Somes Har-



bor, Northeast Harbor, Cranberry Harbor, Bar Harbor, Pretty Marsh Harbor and Bucks Harbor. And I visited many other places along the way.

The trip was almost all in protected waters with good visibility. There was very little fog or rain. In some ways this cruise was like taking a practical exam after years of study, planning and preparation. I am pleased to say that I passed the exam. There were no mishaps or equipment failures. I did not get hurt or lost. And I managed to keep *Tidings* away from the many lurking ledges. I saw spectacular scenery and beautiful boats, met nice people and ended the trip as a more confident and skilled sailor. For me it was a life changing event. But I think that reading a day by day account might be dull. So let me just share a few of the highlights.

I spent the night of August 20 in a small anchorage at the east end of Deer Island Thorofare, tucked in between Camp Island and Bold Island. There was only one other boat at anchor. It was crewed by a young couple. So I anchored on the opposite side of the cove to give them privacy. When I awoke the next morning they were already gone and I had the wonderful little anchorage all to myself. The cove was surrounded on three sides by islands with pine trees and rocky shorelines with no visible houses. There were seals and seagulls.



There were two boats on moorings, a Bridges Point 24 and a Haven 12½. If I was imagining a picture of a scenic Maine harbor with beautiful boats, I could not have imagined better. I spent an hour sitting in the cockpit drinking coffee, enjoying the gentle

warmth of the morning sun and trying to let that beauty sink in. I guess it worked because I can still easily conjure a mental image of that outstanding time and place.

I spent two nights in Southwest Harbor at Dysart Great Harbor Marina waiting out some fog and rain and making some repairs to *PS* (my dinghy). On the evening of the second day the rain had cleared and it was very calm in the harbor. I decided to take *PS* for a sunset row through the harbor to get a closer view of some of the classic wooden boats on moorings. I was about a half mile away from the dock when the sun set. It was as if someone had flipped a switch to release a swarm of mosquitoes. I can emphatically state that it is quite difficult to row in a straight line while thrashing around in a dinghy trying to keep those hungry devils away. I retreated to *Tidings*, took shelter in the cabin behind my bug screens and slathered the many bites on my arms, legs and face with cortisone cream kept aboard for that reason.

I sailed and motored to the top of Somes Sound, which is the only fjord on the east coast of the United States. The sound is oriented north/south and runs up the middle of Mt Desert Island, home of Acadia National Park. The wind was blowing from the north as I made my way up the sound, so I motored most of the way to reach my planned anchorage before dark.

After spending the night on a mooring at Abels Boat Yard, I sailed into Somes Harbor and then back south out of the sound. The wind had shifted during the night and was now blowing from the south. Being in no hurry, I decided it would be fun to beat my way out. It was one of the best days of sailing in my life. The wind was gusting 10-15 knots. Previously I would have tied in the first reef in these conditions. But earlier in the summer, while crewing aboard *Tidings*, my friend Steve said he thought she could handle those conditions without a reef.

I was in sheltered waters with plenty of boaters around to come to my rescue so I decided to see how she performed without the reef. It was wonderful. *Tidings* heeled over until her lee rail was just above the water in the steady breeze. When gusts hit us, I would head up slightly or play the mainsheet. Some-

times the gusts would come down from the hills and I couldn't tell they were coming because they didn't disturb the surface of the water. *Tidings* would just suddenly heel over even further and start to dip the rail. It was exhilarating. The road along the shoreline had a lot of tourist traffic. Some of the tourists stopped to take photos as I neared the shore. You know how sometimes you see a photo in a sailing magazine or advertisement and think, "Those people are having a great time." During that sail out of Somes Sound I was the guy in the photo having a great time. And I knew it.

On August 26 I decided to sail through Mt Desert Narrows at the top of the Island. There is a fixed bridge across the narrows. The chart shows a vertical clearance is 25' at high tide. *Tidings* needs about 23' to clear her mast. I didn't want to push my luck by arriving at high tide. On the other hand, I didn't want to arrive at low tide because the chart shows that much of the narrows dries out at low tide. And on the still other hand, I didn't want to arrive when the tidal current was running fast. The tide range in the narrows can be 15'. That's a lot of water ebbing and flowing.

After careful consideration I calculated my arrival time for about an hour before high tide, reasoning that there would be plenty of water under my keel, the current would be slow and I would get at least an extra foot of vertical clearance. Fortunately those conditions would occur in the early afternoon. I made my way to Lamoine in light wind under D-sail power, anchored near the state park launch ramp and had lunch while waiting for the tide. When the time arrived, I motored through the narrows and under that bridge. I can't judge vertical clearance when looking up from a boat but, to me, it looked like a very close fit.

After clearing the bridge, I sailed south through the Western Bay and Bartlett Narrows and then tucked into Pretty Marsh Harbor, which had been recommended by my friend TJ. My logbook shows the following note on that day. "My new favorite place!" The harbor had loons and seals and clear water with lots of pretty boats on moorings. I wanted to live there.

The next day, I sailed west to clear Long Island and then north up to Blue Hill Harbor for some sightseeing. I lowered sail to enter

the harbor because it was crowded and the entrance is narrow and serpentine. As I was entering the harbor, putting slowly along, a sleek Hinckley picnic yacht passed me. There was an attractive middle aged woman in the cockpit dressed and made up as if for a yacht club photo shoot. I was wearing khaki shorts, a khaki sun shirt and my white Tilley sailing hat. She smiled at me and shouted, "Look at you. You're perfect." I remembered the young woman in Rockport who crossed the street to avoid me earlier in the summer and felt redeemed.

I spent the night of August 29 on a mooring in Bucks Harbor. The next morning, I rowed *PS* to the marina to do my laundry and buy some ice. As I sat at a picnic table on a sundeck waiting for the marina store to open, I struck up a conversation with another man waiting there. He was doing a solo cruise in a 22' powerboat with an inboard engine. After introductions and explanations of, "What boat, where bound," he said to me, "Did you know that recreational marijuana is legal here in Maine?" I said that I didn't know but was not interested in smoking any.

He went on to tell me this story. "Well, I bought some and last night I decided I'd smoke a little after dinner. So I rolled a joint and smoked it. I was using my Leatherman tool for a roach clip, and when I got to the end I didn't want to toss that roach overboard because I was afraid that I might drop the Leatherman. So I dropped the roach into my trash bag. Trouble was, I had cleaned my fuel filter earlier in the day and that trash bag had some paper towels soaked with gasoline in it. When the roach landed, those towels lit up like whoomp! I was standing there looking at that fire and I realized that the trash bag was hanging on my fire extinguisher." At this point he had my full attention.

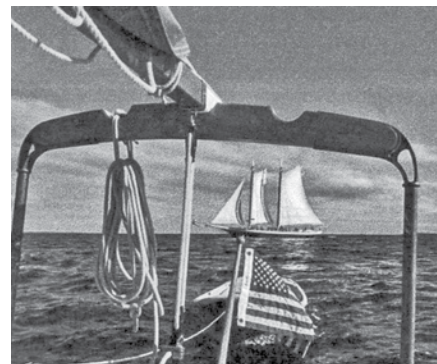
I said, "Wow! What did you do?"

He answered, "Luckily I had a towel handy. So I smothered the fire. Then I sat down and laughed my ass off."

I wished my new friend a safe journey,

went into the store and got my ice and left Bucks Harbor toward Rockland. The route took us across Penobscot Bay and past Camden Harbor. I decided to sail into the harbor to see if the schooners were there. I watched as one entered the harbor and anchored under sail. I've done that maneuver many times in *Tidings*. But seeing it done in such a large and heavy vessel was impressive.

I made it back to Rockland that afternoon, put *Tidings* on her trailer and Season One of "*Tiding's* Great Adventure" was complete. Season Two begins on June 17, 2019, and will include sailing in Buffalo New York Harbor, Lake Champlain, Lake Huron, Lake Superior and Lake Michigan. I have been getting some positive feedback about this series of articles. So I will keep better notes and take a few more pictures this summer. The narrative will continue next fall. Until then, I wish you fair winds and full sails.



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The Minneapolis

When I returned from Chicago I spent my 30 days off at home with my wife and daughter, but all too soon it was time to go back to work. I talked with the boss and asked if it would be possible to work on a boat that would stay in the Twin Cities. I wanted to stay closer to home because my wife was pregnant and could have the baby while I was off in Chicago again.

That was not a problem for them but it changed my life. They put me on the *Minneapolis*. She was a large old river towboat that was double crewed so there would be no more overtime wages. Also the hourly rate in the twin cities was lower.

The boat was a large boat with all the cabins on the main deck and the bilges filled with the stuff that made it go. There was a pair of Atlas engines. They were direct reversible and big and slow. We were one step away from a steamboat. The engines were about 20' long in line stuff with external rocker arms on top. They turned at a max of 350rpm and spun a shaft to the screws that was close to a foot in diameter. There was no transmission nor reversing gears. The sides of the engine room were covered with compressed air tanks that were used to start the engine in either rotation direction. I was fascinated with these big old engines. There was a walkway through the engine room at the same level as the main deck.

One of the engineer's jobs was to oil every couple of hours the rocker arms that sat on top of the cylinder heads. They were at the same level as the walkway so he could just walk through and oil them with a large

Sea Stories & Tall Tales

By Mississippi Bob

oil can while they were running. Remember, they were only turning 350rpm max. It fascinated me to watch the rocker arms flipping up and down at 350rpm.

The boat had a bunch of cabins so we all had private rooms, including the woman who did the cooking. We even had windows so we could see the riverbank as it went by. The work was much harder than we had on the *Red Wing*. We spent most of our time making up tows to go down river with the larger companies.

Downstream from St Paul the river makes a big gradual bend where there were many barges moored all summer three abreast on both banks. This fleeting area stretched out for several miles where we would put tows together for the trip downriver. It got to be a lot of work dragging the cables and ratchets around over winches on the barges. I began to wonder if I really wanted to do this for the rest of my life.

We had a very different crew in the harbor than those I knew in Chicago. Jimmy on the *Red Wing* did what he could to make life easier for his crew. The skipper I was now working for didn't seem to care. He was also rather reckless. Too much full ahead and all back full. I was beginning to wonder how safe I was working on his deck.

My last week working for Twin City was spent mostly up on the Minnesota River near the head of navigation. There were several large grain elevators there that had been spending the winter filling barges for the first trips out. During the winter a mud bank had formed just a mile downstream and we were moving barges one at a time to a mooring a mile below that.

This was the beginning of the season and our first barge went aground in mid river. When we hit

this mud bank the boat came to a gradual stop with the head of that barge 3' high. It was hard aground. The skipper had played this game before. He had us remove the face wires and he ran around the stuck barge and backed up to the bow of the barge and had us put a couple of lines on it. Then he backed up full astern and wiggled the tiller back and forth creating a very muddy river. He also went ahead and astern moving mud.

The barge soon dropped down to its normal loaded lines. Then we went back upstream and faced into the barge again and shoved it over the hump and moved it downstream to a new mooring and tied up there. We repeated this same maneuver for about eight more barges. The last couple slid over the hump with hardly any problem. I was told that they had this problem in that spot for years. We were making up a tow this time under the I35W bridge. We were building tows of only four barges. That was the biggest fleet that could navigate this river in 1962.

My 30 days were up on the Minnesota River and the word came over the radio that another Twin City boat, the *St. Paul*, was heading back to the office barge and would take me back with them. I packed quickly and got on the *St. Paul* for my last trip with TC Barge. When I got back to the wharf barge my very pregnant wife was waiting.

Before I had used up my days off I took a job with a former employer that I had worked for before I went into the Coast Guard. I was back to land surveying again. This was a summer job often filled with college students. In the fall when that season ended, I had to take a factory job. I was not happy with this but it fed my growing family. I worked as a brake operator bending large sheets of steel for the truck bodies that the company produced.

I had not given up on working for the Corps of Engineers and had my name on their lists. In February things began to happen. They were manning two new locks in the headwaters. After a couple of interviews I got a job with them. A week before I started with them I got fired from the factory job because I didn't buy the safety boots that everyone in that plant had to have by Monday morning. I had a week long vacation, the first time since I went into the Guard that I was unemployed.

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Imagination and Memories

By Hugh Groth

I take my coffee down the short path to the shore of a beautiful, clear northern lake early in the morning. I stay a while there on the beach, appreciating the quietness and assessing the day. At less than half an hour after dawn the sun is beginning to rise above the trees on the opposite shore and there is not even a whisper of air moving. A thin layer of mist covers the water with a few wisps pirouetting upward toward the cloudless blue sky. A bald eagle launches from a nearby treetop, a few beats of its wings and a glide, again and again, looking for an early meal. It is cool this morning and the humidity is low, all of which portend a good day for canoeing.

I step into my canoe with paddle in hand, gently shove off and quietly slip into the stillness and the mist. In a while I reach the opposite shore and paddle in and out of the coves, staying in the shade of the trees as I look for birds and small animals scurrying among the shore foliage, one of my favorite activities, but there is not much action at this early hour. Soon a kingfisher bounces from tree to tree to warn of my arrival and a great blue heron who has been hiding in the weeds squawks his way to a new location. The lake is waking up. Eventually I circle the islands on up the lake and head back to my campsite and breakfast.

I have always been drawn to the northern lakes with their clear water and forested shores. Paddling the lakes of Ontario or the Adirondacks with Mary Anne, often with food and gear enough for a week of remote camping secured in our canoe, has filled our lives with joyful times in the past, but I am alone now and I have not been there in years. This lake is not in Canada or New York.

I live in northeastern Ohio, not known for clear, remote lakes, but just 50 miles from my home, a bit further northeast in a rural county, is a lake which has the feeling of the north woods. It's a stretch to call it a northern lake, but there it is in the most northern part of Ohio so I accept it for what it is and make more of it in my imagination. There are no large rocks along the shore, no mountains and, while I have seen a loon here in the past, they are rare. The water is relatively clear and except for the small boathouse near the campground the land is forested far back from the shore. Bald eagles regularly nest here and wildlife abounds. On an early weekday morning it has the feeling of wildness. While it does not compete with the lakes of the north woods, I glide in my canoe and see what I want to see.

You might remember the national notoriety the Cuyahoga River endured when it caught fire 50 years ago, but that was a long time ago and it happened in the heart of the industrial area of Cleveland. Since then the river has been cleaned up, with control of industrial and sanitary waste and removal of dams, in recent years becoming good for fishing and recreation and it is in the process of being designated as an Ohio Water Trail, a healthy river once again.

The Cuyahoga is 100 miles long, beginning at East Branch, the lake where I have been canoeing. It traces a large U around the high land east of Cleveland through a few



small towns to Akron at the bottom of the U, then flows northward through the Cuyahoga Valley National Park to Cleveland and Lake Erie. East Branch, the headwaters of the Cuyahoga, has never been dirty and this is largely because it is a reservoir that supplies drinking water to the city of Akron by way of the river, which has stayed clean upstream of the city. The streams which feed into East Branch reservoir through its watershed are kept free of contaminants as much as possible. There are other lakes in northern Ohio which serve the same purpose, but this is the only one with a campground on its shore and I am grateful that it is there.

I know this lake well, for I grew up only half as far away from it as where I live now. Forty-five years ago I camped here with my young son and we paddled our home built wooden kayak the way I paddle my canoe today. The campground was managed by the city of Akron then, and soon after we were there they closed it and allowed the weeds and bushes to take over. About two years ago the local county park district leased the campground and brought it back to life, but with far fewer sites. All but three of the 13 new campsites are away from the water and of those three only one has a short access path to a small beach at the shore, the site I am lucky enough to be in during my short time here. It surprises me that campsites do not seem to be in high demand, but with no water service and just one pit toilet far back near the entrance many people are not interested. I am delighted with the situation, for the only other sites in use today are the two near the water and they are not within sight of mine, again reminiscent of more remote lakes.

During the years of no camping available at this lake Mary Anne and I often made a day trip here, doing our best to pick a day like today. The lake is about four miles long with many coves and several islands, big enough for plenty of exercise, so we eagerly took our Adventurer canoe the full length of the lake, in and out of the coves and around the islands, often stopping at a favorite spot for a picnic lunch.

I arrived yesterday afternoon, a Sunday, and after setting up camp I launched the canoe at my little beach. The lake was a bit crowded for the new park furnishes canoes and kayaks for free, first come, first served. On a weekend day they were all out so I started north along the west shore as we used to, intending to get beyond the crowd. There was a light northerly breeze raising a little chop on the water and I soon realized that now in my eighth decade I did not have enough reserve energy to make it more than

two-thirds of the way up the lake before I was tired and needed to rest. Little surprises like that happen to me occasionally at this age. Nevertheless, it was a good ride and I stayed out for a good long time.

After supper I went down to the beach and enjoyed the scene as the day use people went home one by one and the breeze quieted. At sunset I went out in the canoe again and watched as the ever changing pink rays of the setting sun reflected in the glassy smooth lake. I paddled slowly along until dark began to overtake me. As I landed at my campsite I heard the last echoing songs of a wood thrush and as I walked the path to my tent a great horned owl called several times. Then all was quiet. No campfire last night for I was ready for a sound sleep. Experiencing the end of the day like that, out on this lake, is something I always wanted to do. Finally the conditions were right.

This morning the quiet time by the lake followed by an early canoe ride at sunrise with no activity or traffic noise anywhere was a bonus, something I had not done during the years of no camping here because I now live too far away to arrive early enough. Soon I will be packing up and going home for I did not intend this to be a long stay, just one night. At three hours after sunrise there still is no one in sight on this Monday morning and there is still no breeze, so I spend the last of my energy in the best way possible, on the water. I paddle along until the sun begins to bake, but the paddling is easy today on the smooth lake.

When I have had enough of the mid-morning sun I land and take the canoe up the path to the van. I pack the tent and gear in the van, tie the canoe on top, and sit for a while appreciating my short time here. I am happily tired as I should be, glad that I can still do this, and thankful that I yet see no limit to doing more of it in the future.



Captain John Smith's Shallop

In 1608 a small boat, a shallop, was used by Captain John Smith and his crew to make then first European exploration of Chesapeake Bay. In the years and decades that followed this exploration, the knowledge gained opened up the interior of America to tens of thousands of European settlers. In the summer of 2007 12 modern day explorers set out to retrace the original voyage in a replica shallop, built at the Sultana Shipyard in Chestertown, Maryland.

The boat is 28' long with a beam of 7'. The builders were John E. Swain, Nicholas Bilas and volunteers of the Sultana Shipyard. The crew traveled 121 days and covered by oar and sail 1,700 miles. The re enacted voyage followed Smith's original route. The voyage also introduced the new (at the time) Captain John Smith National Historic Trail. It was established by Congress to commemorate Smith's epic voyage and its impact on American history.



Maiden Voyage

By Dan Rogers

I think my late brother, Lee, was at work again. We started sailing together when I was about eight and he was about five. We took Grandpa's flat iron skiff and put a nubby alder sapling up forward and stayed it with eye spliced sisal three-strand cordage. That mast was still sappy and not real straight. The boom was one of the oars wedged into the crotch of one or two of the limb stubs (I think we hacked it down with a butcher knife from Grandma's kitchen drawer). The sail came from a red and white checkerboard print oil-cloth tablecloth appropriated from an outdoor picnic table. Some of the rusty staples that had held the fabric to the picnic table were likely still part of our rather stylish mainsail. In fact, I think we attached luff and foot to the "spars" in a similar manner. And the other oar served as a steering device. No notch, thole pin or rowlock in the transom so steering was a bit iffy.

Our maiden voyage was dead downwind on a rather breezy day. Nobody told us about "going to weather" or much of the arcana of sailing. When we reached the far end of the lake Grandma and Grandpa had their cabin on. I made a command decision. After several tries to "sail" back home, I concluded that it would be necessary to "lighten ship." The only way we had a chance of getting back to home-port would be if one of us was put ashore. Not exactly Robinson Crusoe style.

There was a highway more or less following the shoreline (Highway 9 in Skagit County, Washington, to be exact). Or there was always the railroad tracks (that line is gone now, the old Great Northern route, I think). As the Captain, I had responsibility for returning our borrowed vessel safely. I explained to Lee, "...all you hafta do is follow the road from that farm over there down through the woods and when it gets to the highway, go to the right until you go for two or three miles and when you get to the store, go down the hill, past the sawmill and then up Grandma's road to the house. I'll meet you there..." I figured that if I could get that little boat actually sailing, I could get back across the lake and meet my brother when he got down by the sawmill and we could come sailing back up to Grandpa's dock just like we had been out there together all along. Some brilliant schemes don't exactly work out like we might hope they will.

What's the big deal about a three to four mile walk in the woods? I figured we'd come out about even. Everybody did OK, everything went according to plan until I got in sight of the dock and, by extension, in sight of Grandma's kitchen window. I think it was the only one head sticking up above the gunn'l that got everybody excited. That, and how Lee actually got back well ahead of me. I've always suspected his short cut had to do with those railroad tracks. I'm not certain now who got bawled out worse but it was my command decision and Lee was just following orders. No doubt I said as much at the time. I think Lee forgave me. But I don't really think he ever actually forgot either.

Sailing a Friendship

By Mark Nelson

Greg Grundtisch's piece in the April issue about sailing a Friendship sloop on Lake Champlain caught my eye. After graduating from college in 1932, my father found a well used Wilbur Morse built Friendship for \$350. This was an old time cruising version of the original working sloop built for lobstering, now with a coal stove in the galley, kerosene running lights and a Red Wing auxiliary engine.

Previously owned by the late pro boxer, Ernie Schaaf, it had been hauled out and forgotten when my father found it in a Boston area boat yard. After steaming some ribs, rebuilding the Red Wing and painting, the *Down Easter* was ready to launch. The old cotton sails were too tired for any real wind but my father located a suit of nearly new Egyptian cotton sails from a much larger gold plater at a good price. He found a sail-maker willing to cut the sails down and take the extra canvas in trade for his work.

He sailed the *Down Easter* out of Quincy locally and down Maine, when time permitted, until he and my mother started a family in 1936. The new owner eventually took her south and west to New York, then up the Hudson River to Fort Edward where the Champlain canal begins. She ended up sailing on Lake Champlain where her trail ends.

While I doubt that the Friendship sloop currently sailing out of Burlington is the *Down Easter*, it is a nice coincidence that two traditional sloops from the Maine coast and another age both ended up sailing the same sweet water.





High Adventure

By Jon Dobbs
(Submitted by Dave Lucas)

After four years of planning we're finally headed for high adventure in the Far North. I'm hauling our boats and gear all the way from Florida, and reached the Alaska Highway on July 25. If I can complete the 4,000 mile drive to the Yukon Territory I'll meet up with Temple Dillard, Troy Anzalone and Tim McGee, who will all be flying into Whitehorse. Rob Gerkin and Grant Burton will be flying in to Fairbanks, Alaska, in a few more weeks to provide our only resupply at the Dalton Highway Bridge. We hope to complete the first full source to sea descent of the Yukon River ever documented using a motorized vessel.

We'll start at the Llewellyn Glacier in British Columbia, Canada, on July 30 and reach the Bering Sea west of Emmonak, Alaska, about a month later. The voyage will be around 2,000 miles long, going above the Arctic Circle and passing through some of the most remote country in North America. This vast wilderness is as wild and desolate as it gets, so it should make for a great adventure.

To give you an idea of the distance involved, if you started at the Atlantic Ocean in Jacksonville, Florida, and went due west in a straight line, once you reached the Pacific Ocean at San Diego, California, you would have travelled 2,000 miles.

You can track our current location and progress here:

<https://mudmotorkit.com/Adventures/>

Also, if you'd like to follow along with us on social media we'll be posting updates on our Facebook and Instagram pages here:

<https://www.facebook.com/SwampRunner/>

<https://instagram.com/swamprunnermudmotors/>

I hope you can follow along and please share with anyone you think might be interested in such a hair brained scheme. There is a lot that could go wrong. As I write this on July 26, I'm sitting in a garage in St John, British Columbia, having a rear differential leak on my truck repaired.



A Note from Dave

I forgot to tell you who Jon is. I knew him back when he was a marine patrol lieutenant. He's about 6'5" and solid as a rock. A few years ago us hard working boat builder guys were sitting around the Tiki Hut having a few when Jon pulled into the yard in his big cop truck wearing his cop uniform with his big cop gun. The guys didn't know him. When he stepped out of his truck I looked up and yelled, "If you didn't bring beer get the hell out of here." The look on their faces was priceless, they didn't know whether they should run or hide. He's now retired and is the dealer for these long tail motors and he's the nicest guy you ever met.

The Yukon River



The Yukon River is the longest river in the Yukon Territory and Alaska, the third longest river in North America, flowing northwest from the Coastal Range mountains of northern British Columbia through the Yukon Territory and Alaska to the Bering Sea. Its overall length is 3,185km with 1149km within Canadian borders. The watershed's total drainage area is 840,000sq km (323,800 sq. km in Canada) and it discharges 195 cubic kms of water per year.

During the Klondike Gold Rush the Yukon River was one of the principal means of transportation. Paddlewheel riverboats continued to ply the river until the 1950s, when the Klondike Highway was completed. The valley of the Yukon is believed by some anthropologists to have been the main immigration route for North America's first human inhabitants. According to this theory, the ancestors of today's aboriginal peoples arrived across a now submerged isthmus joining present day Alaska with Russia's Siberia. Some aboriginals dispute this theory and believe in their own traditional teachings that their ancestors originated in North America.



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SPS North America, Inc is a family owned company founded by Jon and Joom Dobbs and is the original exclusive North American distributor of the oldest, fastest and most affordable mud motor design available throughout the United States and Canada.

Jon went to work for the Florida Marine Patrol in 1990. He has held a US Coast Guard 50 ton Master Captains license for many years, and piloted everything from airboats to 1,200 horsepower offshore interceptors while in pursuit of poachers and smugglers in the harsh marine environs of Florida. Managing a fleet of watercraft and keeping them operational has made him keenly aware of how expensive boating has become.

"Keeping a conventional outboard engine running in this day and age can be very expensive. Marine engines have become unnecessarily complicated, often requiring special tools, diagnostic equipment and advanced training to repair them. The cost simply makes boating too expensive for many folks. Because not every hunter or fisherman is rich, I saw a need in America for a more economical propulsion system, a tough, versatile kit that the working guy would find affordable to purchase and simple enough to assemble and maintain using basic hand tools. We founded SPS North America, Inc to make that all possible."

Jon's knowledge of the Thai longtail motor stretches back over 25 years ago when he first started traveling regularly to Thailand in 1992. His years of hard earned field experience running the backwater klongs of Bangkok, haunting the Thai racing circuit, exploring the upcountry jungle rivers of Thailand and hunting the vast swamps of the Florida Everglades are what make him uniquely qualified to share with his customers an extensive knowledge of the Thai long-tail motor available from no other source in the Western Hemisphere.



The Gloucester seining fleet had been cruising off Georges Bank when one of those New England northeasters came swooping down on them. Thereupon, as nothing was to be gained by hanging on (you cannot set for mackerel in a gale), every vessel in the fleet made fast its dory in the waist, looked to the painter of the seine boat astern and then 70 or 80 seiners took on a beautiful slant and made a roaring regatta of it to Provincetown, the nearest port of refuge.

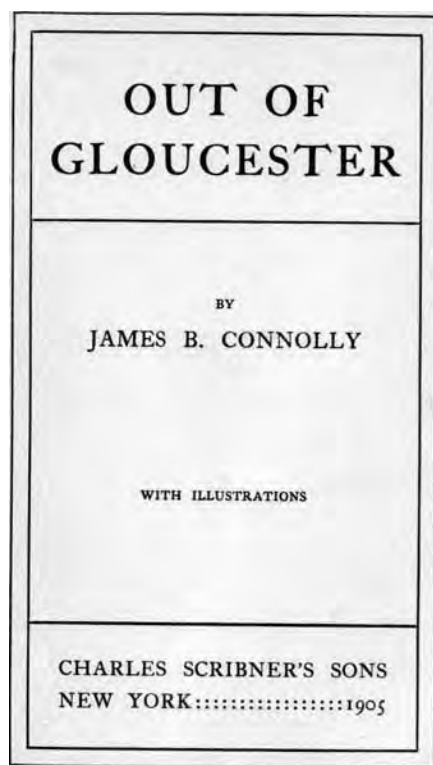
In the early morning hours this gale had struck in on Georges. It was somewhere along in the middle of the afternoon when the first of the fleet showed their noses past the little lighthouse that marks the entrance to the harbor of Provincetown. One after the other they came leaping past the light. It was a quick look to see how things lay, a haulover for one last leg, a rush across the harbor, a shoot into the wind and then, after the fashion of tired gulls with wet wings, a lowering of sodden sails and a thankful settling into handy anchorages.

By dusk of this stormy day most of the seining fleet was safely in. Of this Provincetown was soon made aware, for among these ten or twelve hundred robust fishermen there had to be the inevitable boisterous percentage with some tormenting energy to work off and with no desire to be hushed. Such started in at sundown, and from then on, until dawn next morning in many cases, they did what they could to keep that staid hamlet from drifting into a too early sleep.

But after all, only a small number of the fishermen were of the riotous kind. The greater part, indeed, were sensible men who preferred to stay aboard their own vessels for the evening or to drop over and see an old shipmate or two on some other craft nearby. These knew of old the delights of a fo'c's'le night in a snug harbor, with no watch to keep, no work to do, where you have only to talk or listen, to "smoke up" and "mug up," to keep your pipe going and to help yourself to hot coffee off the stove and good grub out of the locker, to enjoy yourself to the utmost in that region of bliss where there is no hurry and all things are dry, to let your soul simmer in the delicious atmosphere of tuneless song, stirring story and reflective blue smoke, to harken to the wailing of the winds without and to know, in delightful, reposeful security, no less, that this time they were waiting for somebody else.

These deep sea fishermen, in their heartiness of hospitality, are the chosen of the Lord. With them, the best in the locker is ever ready for the caller, be he castaway stranger, chance acquaintance or cherished friend. Of the ways of their mates all fishermen are, of course, aware. And so, when two, who had been mildly celebrating ashore, dropped into their dory at the end of a long planked dock and set out in the direction of the harbor lights of Provincetown this night, it is likely that they were anticipating an agreeable finish to their evening. It was only midnight and there were yet some cheering hours until sun up when, by skipper's orders, the seining fleet would be standing out to sea again.

One of these two was a big man, "able-looking" a fisherman would have said. The build of the other signified less. The big man was easily in command. He sat on the after thwart, set the stroke, directed all movements and attended to the hailing. It was well he owned a voice of rare power, one of only moderate force would have succumbed early to the opposition of the shrieking gale and the



A Chase Overnight

From *Out of Gloucester* (1905)

reluctance of comfortable people below to come up and answer bothersome questions.

They were looking, it would seem, for that reliable craft, the *William Walker*, which all men should know by her new painted green sides with gold stripe along the run, white mastheads and blue seine boat towing. But a description dealing merely with color is but a poor guide at night, as many, many disturbed crews explained.

When the two left the long dock, the position of the *William Walker* had been plainly defined. "No'west by nothe about and ten minutes steady rowing about." Could anything be clearer? So when the two set out, their confidence had been the perfect thing. The big man, indeed, taking into account of the blackness, had said, "We don't even need to get near enough to see her, Martin. Just the smell of her and we'll know her..." which was possibly true but, unfortunately, as was explained later, the wind was offshore that night.

So round and round they rowed. The big man threw his voice into the recesses of comfortable bunks and from these wrathful men, who desired not to be disturbed, had to climb out and ascend rainswept decks to answer curious questions as to the location of a lively schooner, the *William Walker* by name, with green painted sides and gold stripe along the run, with white painted mastheads and blue seine boat towing.

The searchers were treated to some plain language after the first round of their uncertain route, notably from over the rails of that bunch of fine able fishermen, the *Eliza Parker*, the *Norumbega*, the *Grayling*, the *Harry Belden*, the *Richard Wainwright*, all of Gloucester, and particularly when they disturbed the slumbers of those redoubtable old hookers, the *Herald of the Morning* and the *Good Will to Men*, also of Gloucester, from where, it is said, they hailed as privateersmen in their palmy days.

The two men in the dory had made the fleet pretty well acquainted with the distinguishing marks of their vessel with the green painted sides and the gold stripe along the run, with the white mastheads and the blue seine boat towing, but to no effect, and the many times they robustly hailed, "Ahoy the *Wil-l-iam Walker*," but no *William Walker* rose up to greet them from out of the darkness of the night.

It was while they were waiting for the anathematic responses from the deck of the *Good Will to Men* (it was the third series from her deck), waiting for the voice of wrath to die down the wind, that the big man came to a final decision.

Resting dejectedly on his oars, the big man said, "Seventy odd seiners here and every blessed one of 'em with a riding light up and which is ours, Martin? It's as bad as the candles and the lookin' glasses goin' 'round ain't it? Look at 'em."

"Yes, 'tis kind of puzzlin'. What'll we do now?"

"Do? We'll go aboard the next vessel we find awake. We made a good try and even the skipper couldn't kick now. Pick out any one where there's a light below and we'll go aboard."

"Well, there's a fellow to wind'ard. I can't see onto her deck from here but they must have a light below for they are noisy enough for a christening. Listen to 'em."

"Yes. What's that they're singing? Catch it?"

"Wait, they'll start again. There, hear it?"

Being to the leeward of the vessel indicated, the words came clearly enough to the men in the dory when they stopped rowing for a stroke or two:

"She's the schooner *Lucy Foster*,
She's a seiner out of Gloucester,
She's an able, handsome lady,
She can go."

The song seemed to inspire the big man. He at once set a stroke that made his dory mate pant. He explained by saying, "Martin, boy, but I must get into that. I don't know who they are but I used to be a seine heaver on the *Lucy*. Hit her up." He put his broad back into the rowing and hummed the words while the chorus went on:

"The way she'll walk to wind'ard,
You would think that nothing hindered,
She's an able handsome lady,
See her go."

That brought them to the side of the vessel. The big man was over the rail with a vault and a "Look to the painter, you, Martin." Onward went the fo'c's'le choir, for:

"She can sail to set you crazy,
Not a timber in her's lazy,
She's the handsome *Lucy Foster*
And, she's go-o-ing home."

The big man was down the gangway in time to swell the great tide that surged up to all throats for that last line.

"And she's go-o-ing home," he roared. "That was the girl, the *Lucy*. Hulloh, Johnnie Hardy! When'd you get in? Hulloh, Danny...hulloh, Mike...hulloh Ezra...hullo everybody. Drive her again boys. Drive her now." He swirled his great arm though the thick smoke by way of marking time and the whole fo'c's'le, waving pipes or mugs to add emphasis, followed him with extreme unction. Men sitting on lockers, men lounging in bunks, men standing by the galley stove, made a stop in their eating, drinking or smoking, to add vigor to the chant:

"When she swings her main boom over
And she feels the wind abaft,
The way she'll walk to Gloucester'll
Make a steamer look a raft."
"Hurroo, fellows! Drive her! Here's the
best part of it, Now!"

"Oh, the *Lucy* left the ground,
And there's nothing standing 'round
Can hold the *Lucy Foster*
When the *Lucy*'s homeward bound."
"She was the girl, I tell you, warn't she,
Johnnie Hardy? All hands now, heave away
and help the *Lucy* home. Now then, whoop!"

"For she's the *Lucy Foster*,
She's a seiner out of Gloucester,
She's an able, handsome lady,
And she's go-o-ing home."
"That's what, boys. Let Martin and me
mug up and get over near the fire to dry out,
and we'll have at it again."

"And when did you get in, Steve Perkins?"
shouted an uproarious half dozen at once.
"Just afore dark. But we went ashore,
Martin and me, and we've been pulling all
over the bay trying to find the *William Walker*
again. Seen anything of..."

Aho-o-oy, aho-o-oy!" roared Hardy.
"Seen anything of the *William Walker* around
here? Green painted sides, with a gold stripe
along the run, white mastheads and a little
blue seine boat towin'? Ho, ho," roared Hardy.
"Blessed Lord! How'd you know?"

"How? Have we no ears man? And that
was you, Steve? If we'd known we'd have
hove you a line. But we only says, who in
hell's that crazy man, and didn't mind."

"That so? Well, what vessel's this?"

"*Henry Clay Parker*."

"No? The old *Henry Clay*?"

"Yes, sir, the old *Henry C*. Been fixed
up down here a bit. New woodwork here and
there and a few planks for'ard since that last
jam up she had. Changed her looks some
inside here but she's the same old *Henry* you
used to know, Steve."

"Good old *Henry*. The only vessel that
ever beat the *Lucy*. Remember that, Johnnie?"

"Mmm, that was a race, that one. I was
telling the boys here a while ago, the date
brought it up and I got started telling what
the *Lucy* could do. Five years ago tonight it
was, Steve, and a night like tonight outside.
Blow? Mmm..."

"It did blow, didn't it? There's lots of us
glad to be here tonight with our gear safe, but that
night we came through with everything they'd
hang onto the hoops, didn't we, Johnnie?"

"Yes, sir. And it's queer now, Steve,
you was on the *Parker* that time and I was
on the *Lucy*."

"Yes, you was with the Irishman and me
with Billie Simms. There was a des'prate pair
of fishermen for carrying sail, Bille and the
Irishman, and if an able seaman ever sailed
out of Gloucester (and there's been one or
two out of there, I guess), there was a pair of
them. And that Irishman could sail a vessel,
couldn't he?"

"Could he? Man, but he was a driver. But
he was pretty shrewd, too, Stevie, outside of
sailing a vessel. He molded in 30 tons of lead
next to her keel 'bout a month before that race,
prayin' to catch the *Parker* in a breeze."

"Didn't we hear of it? And when Billie
put into Halifax two trips before that, that
time he said he'd have to get a new seine,
didn't he make it his particular business to
lay pig iron enough under the floor to stiffen
a kettle bottomed coaster? Oh, you never
heard anybody say, I guess, that Billie Simms

didn't have all his senses anytime, did you?
And so, when the *Lucy* stood down to us that
evening, Billie began to grin to himself for he
knew what the Irishman was after."

"I mind the time well, Stevie. The Irish-
man sings out, 'Hello Billie, you'll be headin'
to the west'ard soon by the look of things?'"

"Pretty soon, perhaps," says Billie.

"That's what I was thinkin'," says the
Irishman, "with this nice little breeze work-
ing easterly. I had in my mind to run to mar-
ket myself. And I says to myself, now I've
got a couple of hundred barrels nice fat
mackerel below and, by the looks o' things,
Bille Simms, he's got a couple of hundred,
too. Why, we ought to be fine company goin'
home, thinks I, and while we're about it we
might try tacks on the way home or have a
fine run of it, if the wind stays easterly."

"You mean you want to race the *Lucy*
again the *Henry*?" says Billie.

"Och, no. 'Tisn't me would be wantin' to
make such a boast as to sail the little *Lucy* agin
a big, able vessel like the *Par-r-ker*, Billie."

"And mind you, Stevie, they were the
one tonnage, the *Lucy* a bit deeper but the
Henry a mite wider."

"When it comes to heavy weather," goes
on the blarneyin' Irishman, "the whole fleet
knows the *Par-r-ker*, but just for the pure
love of it, or for a bit of money if you like it
better, we might satisfy ourselves on a dis-
puted p'int or two of sailin'."

"You mean to race from here to Boston,
to T wharf?" asked Billie.

"Well now, it might look like a race but
seein' that it's a fair wind comin' and we're
both goin' to market anyway," and the Irish-
man and Billie went on, you know how they
went on, Stevie."

"Yes. They both wanted to race bad
enough but the Irishman wanted to have it
to say afterward that he didn't come lookin'
for a race and Billie wanted to make it look
as though the Irishman caught him kind of
unready like and forced him into it, there'd
be more credit in winning if they could make
people believe something like that."

"And both of them primed for it with
ballast just right for a blow and fish and salt
stowed as careful below as if it was for th'
America's Cup. Well, to shorten up the story
boys, they bet their share of the trip, that is,
what would be coming to them from their
share as one of the crew, their skipper's
percentage and their share as owner, each
of them owned half his vessel, that was it,
warn't it, Johnnie?"

"That's right. Twelve hundred and odd
dollars apiece put up on that race. And the
Irishman thought it was just as good as his
before they started at all. When we put after
the *Parker*, he says, 'B'ys, there'll be some-
thing for all hands out o' this. Nobody turns
in tonight. Crack everything onto her now
when she comes about, tops'ls, stays'l, big
jib and balloon and we'll put after the *Parker*.
There's a man knows the Georges, Billie
Simms. He'll do for pilot and we'll keep him
in sight.' The Irishman was only two years
out of Galway then and he wasn't acquainted
with the Banks like your skipper, Steve."

"As far as that went, Johnnie, there
warn't many of 'em knew the Georges like
old Billie. And you'd better believe that when
Billie 'greed to race he knew what he was
about. He had no sentimental notions about
the *Henry Clay*. He knew as well as anybody
that the *Parker* couldn't hold the *Lucy Foster*
in fair, straight sailin' He said as much when

he pointed her up and takes a look at the *Lucy*
over into the wind astern."

"Boys," says Billie, "it's goin' to be a gale
in a hurry, the way things is lookin' now and
there ain't no vessel of her tonnage afloat'll
beat the *Lucy Foster* into port with the Irish-
man aboard in heavy weather. They talk about
her bein' a summer weather boat and all that
sort of foolishness but I know better. She'll
stand up if she's druv to it and there's the man
who will drive her to it. But for all that we'll
come pretty near beatin' the Irishman t'night.
Put her kites on and let her roll into it. We'll
hang onto 'em's long's we can."

"So we put on every stitch and she began
to roll into it for fair. We could just make out
the *Lucy* then. That was about seven o'clock
and we'd just got our lights up."

"I remember it, Steve. We was trailin'
your green light close as we could. The Irish-
man said he was going to stay on your quarter
till we were off the Banks. Once clear of the
shoals he said he was goin' to say good bye."

"Yes. Billie figured the Irishman'd
play it about that way. You know what real
shoal spots there is all along to the west'ard
of where we were then. Billie knew them so
well that he had a chart of his own. He had
things down on that chart that weren't down
on any gover'ment chart."

"Soon's we got fair away he gave me the
wheel and went down and got out that private
chart of his and began to study it on the cabin
floor. He had the lead kept goin', too. Billie
was a 'genious cuss with charts. He had red,
blue and green colored ink on this one for dif-
ferent shoals. One bad shoal was all in red,
16' of water's all there was there. Billie kept
his finger on that spot a long time and studied
all around it."

Every once in a while he'd sing out, "See
what's under us now," and Archie Nickerson'd
heave the lead and sing out what was there.
And Billie'd say, "Keep her as she is for a
while, Steve," and I'd keep her jammed up to
it, almost due no'the, 'bout half a point east.
We was certainly goin' along then."

"Bime by Billie comes up from his chart
and takes a look at the bottom of the lead and
begins to study. Pretty soon he sings out all
at once, "Stand ready to blow out the side-
lights when I give the word, a man to each
and both together. Steve," he turns to me,
"you and me'll hold the wheel the rest of this
night. We'll let her go off now four points
good. Yes, more yet, there, 'bout no'west.
Let her run that way. Now let that lead go
again there. Well shake up the Irishman afore
a great while."

"Then the lead goes and we get 20
fathom. Pretty soon comes 15 fathom. Then
it comes 14, 13, 12, 11, ten-n-n. When it got
to ten fathom it held a while. We was thinkin'
you fellows on the *Lucy*, Johnnie, was feelin'
kind o' queer 'bout then, ten fathom and
shoalin'. Of course you kept the lead goin'?"

"You better believe we kept it goin' and
watched it comin'. When it got down to ten
fathom the Irishman began to get interested.
"Ten fathom, is it?" he says. "Faith, it's deep
enough in itself, but that's gin'rally as shoal
as I sail my own vessel at night in a blow on
George's. But Billie knows where he is goin',
or if he don't, then he ought to."

Then we got to nine fathom. He didn't
say anything. When it came eight he didn't
open his head either, but he begins to watch
the compass and from that to lookin' ahead
after the *Parker*'s green light, we could see
your starboard light all the time, we being to

windward. When it comes to seven fathom, he begins to get warmed up. "Blessed Mother," he says, "but Billie Simms will be taking us off Georges by a short cut. Keep the lead hove and, up for'ard there, don't lose sight of the *Parker's* light."

"And how'd he take it when it got still shoaler?"

"When we sings out, 'Si-i-ix,' he only says, 'Skatin' pur-ry close that, b'ys.' And then we says, 'Fi-i-ives,' and we roars it out because we were beginning to get worried, knowing the desp'rate kind of man he was. But he only walks backward and for'ard, nervous like, between the house and the rail to wind'ard and says, 'Well, b'ys, it's but six inches in draught between us and what's six inches? Where's there's a channel for the *Par-r-ker* we'll find one for the *Lucy*. Hould as near her wake as you can," to Archie Drum at the wheel. "Don't let her light get away from you Archie b'y, or we'll be bakin' in pur-r-gatory before mor-r-nin'."

"Then we sung out, 'Fo-our and a ha-a-alf!' and then, 'Fo-o-our! Thre-e-e and a ha-a-alf, THR-E-E-E AND A HA-A-ALF,' we hollered it twice just to wake him up to it. In 21' of water and it's shoalin' and we drawing 15 and goin' into it at about 14 knots. The Irishman runs for'ard at that, jumps into the fore riggin' and looks ahead. We gets three fathom. We roared it our so you could hear us a mile, I guess, and then..."

"The *Parker's* lights went out, Johnnie."

"Yes, just then I guess it was, Stevie, for the lookout hollered out somethin' and they Irishman comes jumpin' back aft."

"Hard up, hard up!" he yells to Archie, "Swing her off, swing her off, the *Parker's* gone under, Billie drove her to it, by hell! Swing her off or we'll find bottom, too! Let jibs, tops'l and stays'l tacks and sheets run! Turn loose balloon halliards and take in on the downhaul! Stand by to ease fore and main sheets! Jump to it, b'ys, jump to it!"

Well, sir, I don't know whatever saved that vessel from capsizing with the sail she had on. We worked like streaks but she had to come 'round in a hurry, and the way that the Irishman and Archie at the wheel drove them spokes up was a caution.

"She laid over to it till the sea was in the companionway. She laid over so fast that we thought it was all up, rolled over on her side, and so fast that Archie Drum let go the wheel, let go and would have left it altogether only the Irishman grits it out, 'Hang on, man, hang on. Blessed Mother! Don't you know better than to let her come up with all that water on her deck? Hold her to it till she gets a chance to roll it over the way it came!' Yes sir, that was the Irishman for you. He let her have it for fair, buried her under it. We grabbed hold of ring bolts and sheets to keep from sliding overboard to looard."

But she came up. "I knew she'd come," says he, "for 'twas meself that saw to her ballast and she had to come, b'ys, if the ballast did not shift." She was sure enough a vessel and we didn't blame the skipper then for the way he was stuck on her. But what did you fellows do on the *Parker*, then, Steve?"

"Well, when we saw the *Lucy's* port light work out of sight and the green light go swingin' across our stern and then the port light again go tearin' away from us, we knew how it had been on the *Lucy*. How Billie cackled! "There," he says, "he's the mad Irishman sure enough, but I'll bet something nice that them three fathom soundings and

our lights goin' out with it made him hop. Ho, ho! About another cable length and he'd have been clear over it and in water as safe as the middle of the Atlantic."

Then Billie ordered in the light sails. "We've been takin' too many chances with them trying to set a pace for the *Lucy*." And then what do you suppose he did? Headed her more westerly than she was before. Yes, sir, west no'west straight for Cape Cod. There was a short cut for you. "And hold that course til we're by Highland Light," he says, "and then we put her straight's she'll go for Minot's. Ha, ha!" laughs Billie. We could hear him above the wind. "Think of the Irishman beatin' to the no'th'ard and we getting' it two points abaft the beam under all we can carry! Ha, ha!" My, but Billie laughed.

"Yes, and we'd ha' been beatin' to the no'th'ard yet, I guess, Steve, if the Irishman hadn't got to thinkin' over the way the *Parker* went out of sight. It was getting' on toward midnight. We'd shortened sail after we thought the *Parker* went down and we was feelin' pretty blue, thinkin' of all you fellows gone. We were all up on deck when all of a sudden the Irishman began to swear. He was swearin' so fast that we couldn't keep up with him, half of it in Irish.

"Let her wear 'round," he yells to Dannie Hickey at the wheel. "Let her come 'round till the wind's over the quarter. Put her west half no'the, that will be bringin' us to Highland Light. I do not believe that dom Billie Simms is gone down at all. Cr-a-ack on all she's got now, b'ys. We'll get them yet, we'll get the divils yet. Would you think a Christian would play such a trick? But, we'll get them, we'll have them be mor-r-ning. We'll show them yet what the little gur-rl can do."

"You must have come then, Johnnie?"

"Come? Man she was an ocean liner hooked up. You must know, when the *Parker* came a hundred and twenty miles or so in nine hours, how she came. Come? She fairly leaped with every for'ard jump. Oh my soul, I thought she'd pull the spars out of herself. She was boiling along, fair boiling, man. She'd stand up on her rudder and throw her breast at the clouds, then she'd bury he knightheds under. But she didn't carry all her sail long. That fancy six hundred yard balloon, the sentimental summer gauze balloon as the fleet called it, didn't stay on a great while. W-ur-up, and t'was up in the sky. But she went along."

"Can you sail, you little devil, can you sail?" the Irishman kept sayin'. "We'll show them, we'll show them. Go it, my *Lucy*, go it." Man but we came along. She fair screeched, did the *Lucy*, that night. Just think of it, Steve, she with that howlin' no'the-easter over the quarter and the *Parker* somewhere ahead! Could they fix things better for her to sail? Yes sir, she screeched and the Irishman stampin' up and down between the house and the wind'ard rail. And never a let up all that night. I'll bet old Billie was some surprised when he saw us in the mornin'."

"Warn't he! Warn't all of us on the *Parker*? 'T'was barely sun up and we were inside Minor's Light, fair in the harbor, you might say, and Billie'd just said, "Well, boys, I guess we can let up on her now. The wind's jumpin' to the no-west and risin' too. I wonder where the Irishman is now, with his circular no'therly courses." He hadn't half said that when somebody hollered, "Hi, skipper, who's that astern?"

"We all looked and damned if there warn't the *Lucy*. She warn't too plain, it was a dark kind of sun up you know, but anybody could tell the *Lucy* as far as they could see her."

"Billie looks. "What the devil, the *Lucy*!" he says, "and drivin'? My soul, look at her comin'! Make sail!" he hollers. "Up with them tops'ls and balloon. Up with them!" he hollers. "Somebody shift tacks for the fore tops'l there. We'll jibe over and shoot through The Narrows. Bend on that stays'l, boys! Fly, fly boys! The devil himself is after us now. We made sail. It was howlin' from the no'west now, mind you, and we tackin' up The Narrows."

"Whis-s-st! went the big balloon from the bolt ropes. Whis-s-st! went the fore tops'l, nothing left of that but a few rags and the bolt rope bangin' round on the hoops. And we wasn't a bit sorry when the tops'l went, shif-tin' tacks in a bloody no'wester ain't no joke up aloft, not the way the *Parker* was diving."

"We saw them go, Steve. Oh, the Irishman hopped around and laughed. "We'll get them yet! We can carry them! He was yellin' and then the gale took an extra good grip on the *Lucy's* fore tops'l that she carried all night long and pulled it out by the roots. Our two topmast heads was springin' together all this time like they was two whips and the Irishman fit to be nailed up in a mackerel barrel, he was so mad. And then when he saw the *Parker* shoot into The Narrows! The Narrows in Boston Harbor with a big fisherman at that tide!"

"Well, Billie knew his business that time, Johnnie. It was tack, tack, tack, all the way through. Eight times we tacked before we were clear of it. You see, Billie figured he could take more chances than the Irishman here, he knew the harbor so well. 'Tw's like the short cuts in the Georges. But the devil was in the Irishman. Where we went he followed. We took some chances on the *Parker*, but imagine the *Lucy* pilin' on behind us and the skipper barely knowing the regular channel, a Galway fisherman two years out."

"Well, we came to the last reach. "I'm doubtful about this one, boys," says Billie. "But I don't care much if she does hit. If I don't crowd her by and we have to put back, the Irishman'll beat us in. And I'd just as soon have the *Henry* pile up anywhere along here as have that happen this trip now. If she can't get by, why she can't, that's all, but we'll know we made a try for it. If the *Lucy* comes after us she's takin' more chances yet."

"But the fairies were with us, as the Irishman would say. We slid by and out, and then we humped it for the dock. We looked to see how you fellows made out, Johnnie."

"My soul, but he's a game one," says Billie, watchin' the Irishman. "Look at him bangin' her right up where we went. I know he's never been through The Narrows in his life. But it don't matter, the devil and the steamer couldn't get us now, if nothing parts."

"Billie began to take more short cuts. We went over places I'll swear charts said we couldn't. But we had to, there was the Irishman comin' hand over fist. Wherever the *Parker* went, here was the *Lucy* along pretty soon. It was a race and it warn't ended until both vessels were at the wharf."

"Well, Billie just barely got it. When we made to shoot into the slip, there was the Irishman rounding to under our stern. He was standin' aft by the wheel himself. When he comes abreast of us in the dock, our stern line was barely made fast when his hove upon the wharf, he shakes his fist at Billie."

"You win in all truth, Billie Simms, but which vessel, think ye, is the best after all?"

"Oh," says Billie, laughin', "this ain't been no race. We just happened to be ready to run to market, as you remarked last night, and here we are. This old pung'll do to carry home fish in a pinch, but if I had a good vessel, a real good vessel, like some I know in the fleet..."

"A good vessel? Go and get one, Billie Simms. Build one of *Lucy's* tonnage and I'll race you vessel agin vessel and the winner take them both. I'll show you the way, Billie Simms, from here to Georges and back again, or from here to hell, and back again, if we can get back."

"Oh, don't get so hot over it. I'm not sayin' the *Lucy* ain't a pretty good vessel. In summer breezes now, I ain't the least doubt she'd keep up with most any of the seining fleet, most of 'em."

The big seine heaver halted here in his narrative while he poured himself out a mug of coffee from the boiler on the stove and helped himself to a wedge of pie from the grub locker. But some of the crew rose up from lockers and bunks and queried impatiently, "and what did the Irishman say to that?"

"H-m-m...What did he say? Ask Johnnie there, he was nearer than me to him. What did he say, Johnnie?"

"What did he say? Well, let it go, what he said. Some of you young men wouldn't be improved by hearin' what the Irishman said to Billie. I couldn't repeat it in cold blood. I'd have to have provocation, like the Irishman, y'see. But the two of them got over it. After they'd sold their fish, they got together in the

Parker's cabin and Billie admits that so far as he knew the *Lucy* was the fastest vessel of her tonnage, take her on all 'round sailin', goin' out of Boston or Gloucester."

Of course, that pleased the Irishman and he said that Billie always was an able seaman, and then, this was after they sold their fish and settled up, Billie let him make a copy of that private chart of the Georges. And while the Irishman was makin' it, Billie says, "I never before let anybody make a copy of that chart, nobody but you. It'll be worth a lot to you, that chart," says Billie.

"At that the Irishman looks up at Billie. 'Will it be worth twelve hundred dollars to me ever, d'ye think?'"

"Hmm," says Billie, "I dunno, but it's been worth twelve hundred to me," and then he laughs, and then the Irishman laughs. And afterward they went up on Atlantic Avenue and had a few drinks together. And I guess nobody ever worked any short cuts or beat the Irishman off the Georges since."

"No," said the big man, replacing his empty mug in the locker. "No, I'll bet they didn't. Boys, I could talk till this fo'c's-le was black about the *Lucy* and the Irishman. I was seine heaver on her for two seasons. But me and Martin'll have to be goin' along and hunt up the *William Walker*. In this light I guess we'll be able to make out her green sides and blue seine boat. Good bye, Johnnie, good bye, everybody."

From the rigging of the *Parker* they picked out their vessel easily enough in the growing light. On the way they passed the famous *Lucy*, clear white at this time with a

gold stripe along her run. Steve stopped rowing to admire her.

"She cert'nly do look beau-ti-ful, the *Lucy*. She's a man for strength and a woman for good looks. a lady's yacht lyin' there, but a fisherman when there's somethin' doin', able for the highest wind and the biggest sea that ever came out of the North Atlantic. Give me the *Lucy* in a gale, before all the three stack liners that ever steamed out of New York. She'll shake you up, she'll jump, my soul but she'll jump! She's a little thing and needs to be lively to get out of the way, but, man, she'll bring you home at last, and that's the main thing with men that fish on the banks."

"Watch her, Martin. Watch her an hour from now, when the sun's lookin' up over the Cape Cod shore and see the way she'll trip in and out among the fleet. When you see her round The Race and lay her thirty odd foot spike bowsprit s-uth-east by east, about, then you'll surely know the seining fleet is standin' out to sea, For..."

At three o'clock the cook he stirred

To bake the fine hot bread,

At four the skipper passed the word

That jumped us out of bed;

In half an hour we'd made all sail

And broke the mud-hook free,

At five o'clock the seining fleet

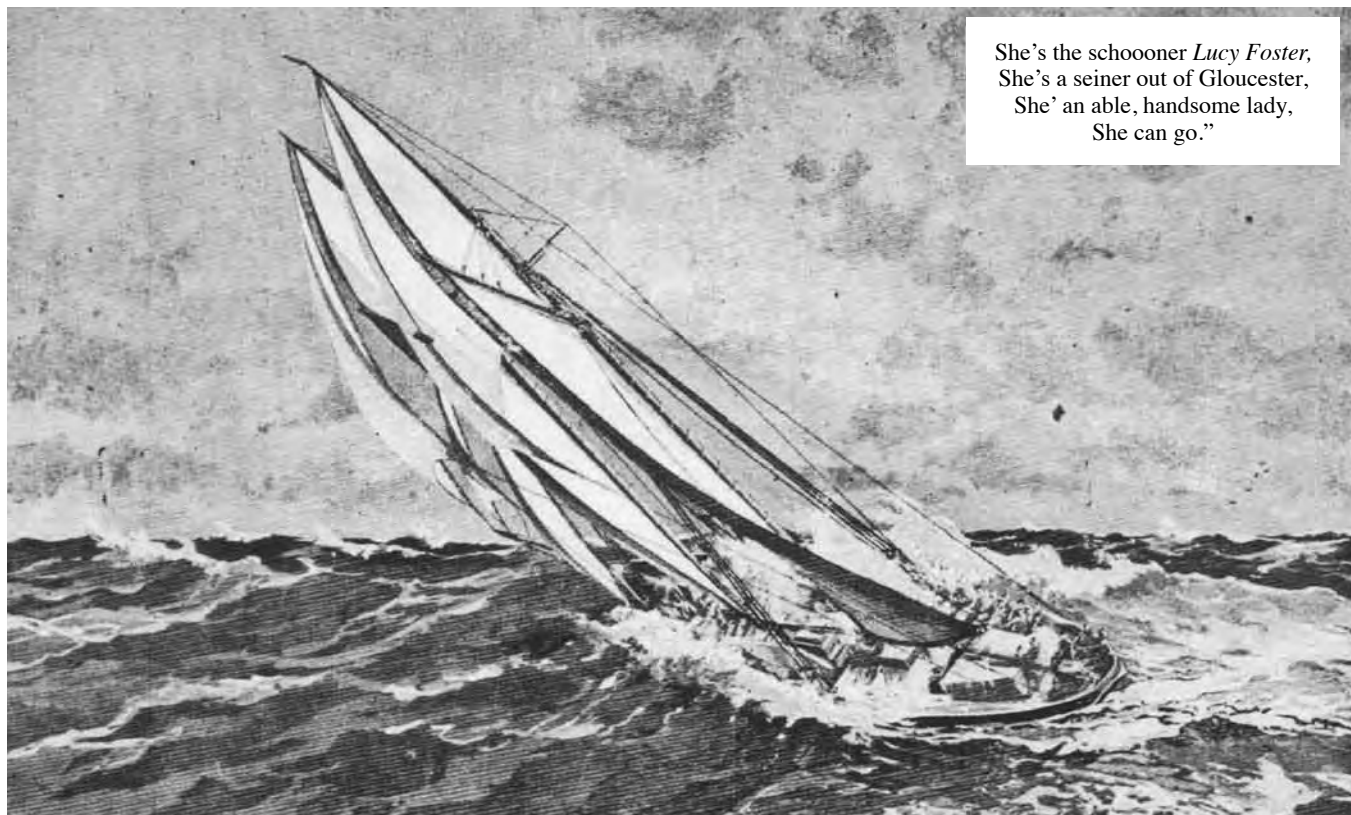
Was standin' out to sea."

And once again the big man roared it out'

And at five o'clock the seining fleet

Was standin out to sea.

And with that he and Martin boarded the long sought *William Walker*.



She's the schooner *Lucy Foster*,
She's a seiner out of Gloucester,
She's an able, handsome lady,
She can go."



First Sail

First sail on the remodeled Widgeon showed promise. Very encouraging, it was as well very telling as to my growing list of shortcomings. Thirteen in total so far. Not bad for a quick one hour sail. The number being 13 doesn't bother me a bit. It will soon grow as I venture out again.

The sailing time would have been longer had it not been for a previous addition which worked fine for the sloop, not so good for a lugger. The oversight had me doing damage control in anticipation of eminent failure, the mast thwart being the culprit. Set up originally to temporarily hold the sloop's mast while the shrouds and stay were secured, those wires holding up the mast. That being done in the parking lot put no stress upon the rig while sailing.

The problem arose when I secured the main's halliard to it as well the tack of the lug. Just too much for not enough. The wind was only maybe touching 15, no reefs needed, that mast thwart was working just way too much for my comfort, hence the anticipated damage control. I added two lines to help hold things in place if something let go.

My lady friend Prudence was with me yesterday, suggested I cut it short. I'm not sure where discretion was, I usually leave him at the dock. All in all a good and promising short sail with more being looked forward to.



O'Day Widgeon Standard Features

- Positive foam flotation under gunwales and in bow and stern tanks
- Foam filled mast of anodized aluminum
- Removable Philippine mahogany seats
- Kick up rudder and centerboard
- Bow eye
- Drain plug in cockpit
- Vinyl gunwale guard
- Cam action main and jib sheet cleats

Meanderings Along the Coast of Texas

By Michael Beebe

If this keeps up my so called set in sand plan just might work. This Widgeon will keep me on the water all summer and I'll be able to mothball *Red Top* for needed maintenance. Should be nice.

Red Top

What a nice sail. The log shows it had been 11 days since the last outing. Much too long, but it seems things got in the way. I left the dock at Cove Harbour with the first reef tied in the sail. With the wind blowing the way it was I would not be needing all the sail available, not that day. The wind was from the south which gave me many tacks as my chosen destination was south as well. South anyway to the first cut between the spoil islands, spoil islands being created by the need to keep the Intra Coastal Waterway at a predetermined depth for the commercial traffic. The removed sand being piled along the banks creates these spoil islands.

This first cut was, or is, directly opposite the Tortuga Beach Club, I think that's correct. More than likely not. They made it through Harvey but a fire a half year or so later got them. The swimming pool is still there. A new building is going up and the shack on the small point is still there, leaning because of Harv.

Opposite the Tortuga is the cut I used to get across the flats and out into Aransas Bay around Talley Island. I don't think Tally is a spoil island. If the wind is southeast, getting through this first portion involves a lot of tacks and some shoal water work. Meaning getting out and pushing off. This south wind, and the wind strength the way it was, I managed to get out into the bay on a starboard reach. With the wind coming over the right side, that'd be starboard, it was a first for this guy.

Out in the bay with the openness of the bay and feeling the full strength of the wind I knew I'd be putting in another reef soon enough. Wanting to put some water between me and the shore before I did, I carried on for another ten or 15 minutes. Dropping the sail, boom, yard all into the cockpit, I've found at times this is easier. It was again then. *Red Top* behaves very well in situations such as that. With my stomach up against the cabin top, legs braced, he sits like a duck riding up and over most stuff coming our way.

A few weeks back sailing to Shamrock Island from Padre Island National Seashore I was lagging the lead boat when I decided that same reef was needed. Rougher then, *Red Top* held his own then. Rocking and rolling I was told by Conner exactly how it looked to him, but it wasn't bad.

After putting in the second reef yesterday, things settled down once again. It was wet, to be sure, but the temperature was up, both the water and the air. Coming back in I decided to go a bit further north to see how well the second reef would allow me to go upwind. Not bad, I discovered once again. Even got a small wind wave. It was a nice sail, gusting 29. I thought so.

Attitude

Attitude is what one needs to watch. One's attitude can get one over the hump. Suc-

cessfully or not is another matter. But success is only in the eyes of the beholder. Attitude will help in getting back up when knocked to the ground. Then we can call it a success.

Attitude will keep one in the game. An idiom said to have come from the thoughts of Henry Ford a few years back, "Either you think you can or you think you can't, either way you are correct."

I know which side I'd like to error on. Just yesterday, when I took my latest small conversion of a sailing dinghy out in some stiffer winds, out to see if I had something under me that would continue to show the promise I had thought I was feeling when the winds were 15 and less. My attitude had taken a beating.

I was ready to walk away, or swim, leave it on the island. I reached a minor hump in the road I'd chosen to follow. Just tired I guess. I did continue on out into the bay. The wind was touching 25 or a little less. Enough to show me if I wanted to continue down this road or not.

It was wet, very wet. Not too much thick water but a lot of spray. I'd put a reef in on the shore of that island mentioned and zipped out into the bay a couple of miles on a starboard reach. And got wet, fast but wet. I don't care much for wet, perhaps it's my clothes.

Coming back in the little girl seemed even faster. The surges of speed, I was telling my wife, were amazing. I was surfing the wind waves, that was for sure. When I got back into the smooth water of the channel she was, at times, still planing.

Having taken her insides out previously and reworking them, the comfort level went from a seller to a six or higher. I think a turtleback bow carried back just before the cockpit seating will greatly influence the dryness I'm looking for.

All this with a reduced rig, square feet wise and sloop to lug. With the factory seats, port and starboard gone, the comfort level raised, this little Widgeon might be pushing a ten.

I Still Drive By

I still drive by the water. Just looking. I started surfing at 14, started sailing at 18. We would sit and watch the windblown waves from the parking lot, too windblown to surf, but we'd watch for hours. Not just once or twice, but many times.

I find myself still doing that. Although I gave up surfing 26 years ago, on the fifth of May, eight o'clock in the evening. Well, it might have been the fourth.

The water, salt water especially, gets in one's blood. Started affecting the brain at an early stage and, if not treated, it's all downhill from there. I've read about a little boy saying to his momma, "When I grow up I want to be a sailor!" In a reply full of love she answered, "That's fine, son. But you'll have to choose, because you can't do both."

I've a friend in the Waco area of Texas who's got a few years on me. Although with his few extra years and my early start in surfing, we've probably starting swallowing salt water about the same time. He went in the Navy, became a Seal while they were still called Frogmen.

He got bit bad by the water, never did grow up. He's still got that wanderlust of a young un exploring off in the countryside. Hunting, fishing as boys do, and still do in their old age, though not as they'd like. We

can relate to one another. The Lord has blessed me with the ability to still get out there, not surfing, but sailing small boats. Blessed as well, living where we do.

So yeah, I still drive by the water and I linger as well. Quite often after pulling the boat out on its trailer, all packed up tidy, mast, boom, sails secured, I linger. Just stand there next to the trailered boat and linger, enjoying the everything about it. Sometimes it's crowded and I enjoy that as well as the times when I'm the only boat there that just come out of the water. I guess it's the water. I'd be fooling myself to think it was all nice and pretty all the time. No, there's sunburn, mosquitoes, soreness and tiredness enough to go around and then some.

There's bottom paint mixed in the hair, epoxy ruined clothes, fingers run through table saws and hammers hitting the ones that's left. Dues, paying the dues for this membership won't get you a drink at the bar most anywhere but the bent elbows next to you will understand. At those waterfront bars anyway. Hey, bartender, pour us another one, gotta wash this salt down.

Today Was a First

Today was a first, not the wind, it was SE gusting to 25mph. It was mostly sunny, left the dock with full sail up. Tied off to a slipped tug and put a reef in the lug main. That was a first, using a parked tug, but not the first of which this missive is about.

The first being when leaving the dock without my hat, it's getting thin up on top, but that wasn't the ensuing problem. It was wet. Plenty of spray to go around. Soaked me good. The sunglasses were soon hard to see out of.

Then came the eyes themselves. All that spray running down my face, into my eyes, they were starting to hurt. I'm out towards the middle of Aransas Bay and having to squint, not good.

Digging through lockers for a extra hat, on *Red Top* there are three, on the Widgeon, on which I was, there were none. Bummer. An extra pair of shorts were put to use wiping my eyes.

It was getting hard to see and I took a few waves badly and now had to bail a bit. Up forward I saw a washcloth my wife had given me for the boat, I had used it on a previous sail with Roger a week before. It was being shuffled around between sails and this afternoon was put to good use.

Being wet as it was, after putting it on my head, using it as a hat/spray shield, the wetness helped it stay put. It did the trick. From then on all I had to do was tilt my head a bit and the spray would run off the washcloth away from my eyes. I'd never had that happen before.

After sailing back into smooth water through a cut between the islands it wasn't needed. I sure am glad my wife passed that along for me.

That Widgeon is a wet boat when the wind starts getting past 20. She sits lower to the water than *Red Top*, at 23" deep with a small cabin the protection from spray and waves is quite measurable.

The Widgeon at 19" deep, open and the foredeck having been removed, as well the molded in seats. It's more like a street rod. It is fast, much faster then *Red Top*, but at my age I'm leaning toward the Lehman 12', that would be *Red Top*. *Red Top* may be slower and there's no centerboard to climb over when changing tacks. His leeboards are showing their worth.

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Northeast Coast Guard Searches 31 Unmanned, Adrift Paddlecraft Over July 4 Weekend

First Coast Guard District response crews from Maine to the Jersey shore, responded to 31 separate reports of unmanned and adrift paddlecraft during July 4 weekend.

Sector Northern New England crews responded to eight cases, six of the cases were suspended due to lack of information and two were resolved because the owners were found.

Sector Boston crews responded to 12 cases, seven of the cases were suspended due to lack of information and five were resolved because the owners were found.

Sector Southeastern New England crews responded to five cases, one was suspended due to lack of information and four were resolved because the owners were found.

Sector Long Island Sound crews responded to six cases and all were suspended due to lack of information.

"We search every time there is an unmanned and adrift paddlecraft found because we just don't know if someone is missing or not," said Brian Fleming, a search and rescue watchstander at Sector Boston. "Help us confirm your loved ones are not in distress by labeling and securing your paddlecraft."

Approximately, \$428,300 and about 450 man hours were spent searching for unconfirmed persons in the water.

The Coast Guard reminds boaters to take precautions while on the water:

Wear your life jacket, it can save your life.

Label your paddlecraft with contact information. You don't need a sticker, just a permanent marker and some clear tape to protect the ink. Check to make sure it's readable every time you go out.

When you are done for the day, secure your paddlecraft well above the waterline in cases of high tide and strong winds.

Tell someone where you are going and when you are going to return so we have a good area to search if you go missing.

Have a light for night paddling.

Have a sound making device.

Know your limits, paddle in safe areas under safe conditions.

Planning and safe boating practices save lives, reduces responder fatigue and minimizes the waste of taxpayer dollars on unnecessary searches.



Out Coast Guard in Action

The search included the following Coast Guard crews:

Coast Guard Cutter *Steelhead*, Coast Guard Cutter *Sanibel*, Coast Guard Cutter *Tybee*, Coast Guard Cutter *Coho*, Air Station Cape Cod MH-60 Jayhawk helicopter crews and HC-144 Ocean Sentry airplane crews, 47-foot Motor Lifeboat crews from Station Brant Point.

Five Saved When Their 14' Vessel Capsizes

Five people were safe on shore after their 14' recreational vessel capsized off Kaneohe, Hawaii. Ocean Safety and Life-guard Services personnel launched and were the first on the scene along with Waterfront Operations crews from Marine Corps Base Hawaii. All five boaters were safely brought back to shore with no reported injuries.

A 45' Response Boat Medium crew from Station Honolulu launched along with an MH-65 Dolphin helicopter crew from Air Station Barbers Point upon notification. "We made sure everyone had their life jackets on and urged them to stay with their vessel until help arrived," said Petty Officer 2nd Class Ashley Gray, an operations specialist with Coast Guard Station Honolulu. "Staying with your vessel gives responders a larger object to search for in the water and can reduce search times."

Three swam to shore, four were transported to Kihei Boat Ramp by the station's 45' Response Boat Medium crew. There were no reported injuries. Weather on scene was winds at 5mph with 3' seas.

Coast Guard Sector Honolulu watchstanders issued an Urgent Marine Information Broadcast notice to mariners to keep a sharp lookout and that the vessel remains partially submerged and may present a hazard to navigation.



20' Catamaran Capsizes Off Sombbrero Key

The Coast Guard and a good Samaritan rescued four people from a capsized 20' catamaran in the vicinity of Sombbrero Key. Coast Guard Station Key West watchstanders received a report from Florida Fish & Wildlife Conservation of the capsized vessel. A Coast Guard Station Marathon 33' Special Purpose Craft/Law Enforcement crew was launched to assist after Sector Key West watchstanders issued an urgent Marine Safety Information Broadcast.

While the boat crew was enroute, a good Samaritan responded to the UMIB, recovered the four individuals in distress from the water who were wearing life jackets. The four survivors were transferred to Coast Guard Station Key West where emergency medical services awaited. No injuries were reported.



Two Boaters Rescued Near Pt Mansfield, Texas

An Air Station Corpus Christi MH-65 Dolphin helicopter aircrew hoisted two boaters after their vessel began taking on water approximately six miles north of Port Mansfield, Texas. The two mariners were transferred to Port Mansfield.



Vessel Identification Sticker for Canoe, Kayak or Rowboat

IF FOUND - CONTACT

Name: _____

Phone: _____

Phone: _____

Use waterproof marker

Search Suspended for Missing Kayaker off Nantucket

Coast Guard crews suspended their search for a missing kayaker off Nantucket, Massachusetts. Vitaly Filiutovich, the subject of the search, was last seen kayaking near shore. Filiutovich was reported missing to the Coast Guard around 4:30pm Sunday. His empty kayak was located upright shortly after searching began. Coast Guard crews conducted a total of 44 sorties, searching 3,087 square nautical miles over 42 hours.



30 Footer Swamps and Capsizes off Maui

Seven people are safe on shore after their 30' recreational vessel started taking on water and capsized about 200 yards off Wailea, Maui. Sector Honolulu watchstanders received a report from Station Maui personnel stating the captain of the vessel *Manta Ray* called to report the boat was taking on water. Seven people were aboard.

Cutters *Hawser* and *Line* Deployed to Lake Champlain

Coast Guard Cutters *Hawser* and *Line* patrolled Lake Champlain over the July 4 weekend to assist with the recreational boating safety and law enforcement missions. The 65' harbor tugs were there to augment efforts by Coast Guard Station & Aids to Navigation Team Burlington, a two boat station responsible for 490 square miles spanning two states and the US/Canadian border.

Both cutters are homeported in New Jersey and transited via the Hudson River and the New York State Canal System. Built more than 50 years ago, these Diesel powered, steel hulled, single propellor vessels, and their six person crews, are capable of performing search and rescue, law enforcement, aids to navigation and light ice breaking.



Unresponsive Man Medevaced

The Coast Guard medevaced a man east of Cumberland Island, Georgia. At 10:10am, Coast Guard Sector Jacksonville watchstanders received a report from a good Samaritan of an unresponsive male aboard another vessel. A Coast Guard Air Station Savannah MH-65 Dolphin helicopter crew and the Coast Guard Cutter Heron crew were diverted to assist. The Dolphin crew arrived on scene, hoisted the man and transported him to UF Health Jacksonville. The Heron crew began towing the vessel and handed it off to Nassau County Sheriff's Office who continued to tow it to Dee Dee Bartels Public Boat Ramp



Man Medevaced from Fishing Vessel

The Coast Guard medevaced a man who lost consciousness aboard a charter fishing vessel near Seward, Alaska. An MH-60 Jayhawk helicopter crew from Aviation Support Facility Cordova hoisted the 61-year-old man, who was experiencing symptoms of a heart attack, from the vessel *Arctic Endeavor* just off Cape Resurrection. The crew brought him to awaiting local EMS in Seward, where he was responsive and appeared to be in stable condition.

Watchstanders in the Sector Anchorage command center received the initial request for the medevac at approximately 10:22am. The helicopter crew was already airborne and in the vicinity of the distress at the time of the call. "Operating out of Cordova allows us to respond much more quickly to many of the search and rescue cases that happen this time of year," said Lt Daniel Beshoar, co pilot for the case. "The *Arctic Endeavor* crew out of Seward today was extremely helpful and with their cooperation we were able to get this man to the medical care he needed."



52' Vessel *Heather Anne* Still Aground

Earlier this year Coast Guard officials received a report that the 52' recreational vessel, *Heather Anne*, was aground and partially submerged near Marker 16 in the Wrangell, Alaska, Narrows near Mitkof Island. The Alaska Department of Natural Resources gave the owner of the vessel until July 15 to provide the state with a plan to remove the vessel and any associated solid waste from state tidal and submerged lands.

Contractors removed all significant threats of pollution but due to strong currents in the area they could not refloat the vessel without added risk to Wrangell Narrows. After enough oily sludge and residue was removed from the vessel to confirm that the environmental threat had been mitigated, the vessel no longer fell under Coast Guard jurisdiction and DEC personnel advised the Department of Natural Resources that the threat of pollution had been mitigated.



Cuban Migrants Interdicted

The Coast Guard interdicted five Cuban migrants approximately 55 miles southwest of Marathon. A Coast Guard Air Station Miami HC-144 Ocean Sentry airplane crew located a rustic vessel with five people aboard 55 miles southwest of Marathon and Coast Guard Sector Key West watchstanders launched a Coast Guard Station Islamorada 45' Response Boat Medium crew and an Air Station Miami MH-65 Dolphin helicopter crew.

The Station Islamorada crew safely embarked the five Cuban adult males and destroyed the vessel as a hazard to navigation. The migrants were transferred to the Coast Guard Cutter *Kathleen Moore* (WPC-1109) crew and repatriated to Cabanas, Cuba.

"Those who are interdicted at sea attempting to illegally emigrate will be repatriated to their country in accordance with existing US immigration policy," said Chief Warrant Officer Scott Goss, commanding officer of Station Islamorada. "Migrant interdiction operations save lives. The sea conditions can change in an instant and can be unforgiving to the ill equipped craft that are often used for these voyages."

Approximately 384 Cuban migrants have attempted to illegally enter the US via the maritime environment in fiscal year 2019 compared to 406 Cuban migrants in fiscal year 2018. These numbers represent the total number of at sea interdictions, landings and disruptions in the Florida Straits, the Caribbean and Atlantic.



White Fleet

An unruly passenger got kicked off a Norwegian Cruise Line ship when he started a heated argument with one of the staff over a reservation for an evening show. The staff called security and the next morning the Captain decided that the guy would be dumped off on a Caribbean Island in the BVIs. The ex passenger had to find his own way back home.

A spokesperson for Norwegian Cruise Lines said, "We are in the business of providing incredibly positive and memorable experiences for all our guests. We also care deeply about our team members and work very hard to ensure they are happy and treated with the utmost respect. Therefore, we do not take kindly to anyone who behaves badly by disparaging others or creating an environment which erodes the experience we are providing for our guests and crew."

A passenger ship, *Mermaid*, collided with the *Viking Sigyn* near Budapest on the Danube. Thirteen people were killed and another 15 are still missing. The *Mermaid*, an 87' tourist boat, was sideswiped and sank in about eight seconds by the *Viking Sigyn*, which is significantly larger. Video of the incident clearly shows a heavily trafficked portion of the river. The larger vessel literally ran over the smaller boat. The Captain of the larger boat was arrested.

Norwegian Cruise Lines announced that *Norwegian Sky* and *Norwegian Sun* would no longer proffer an open bar on those ships that are used for short cruises, especially between the US and Cuba. American policy does not allow such ease of free drinks. The government did allow the line to continue for passengers already booked. I suppose one could knock back several cocktails between Miami and Havana. I experienced a wonderful two hour voyage aboard a ship between Helsinki and Tallinn, Estonia, and witnessed several Finns who could hardly stumble ashore. The Estonian Police were detaining them at the gate.

Gray Fleet

The hospital ship *USNS Comfort* (T-AH 20) has been deployed to the Caribbean to assist the region as they deal with thousands of Venezuelan refugees. An estimated three million people have fled Venezuela since their government collapsed. China sent a similar vessel, People's Army Navy ship *Peace Ark* (Hull 866), to the region.

Iranian forces attacked two merchant ships in the Gulf of Oman near the Strait of Hormuz forcing the US Navy to place two destroyers nearby. *M/V Kokus Courageous* was severely damaged by small ships as it was sailing to Asia. Two US destroyers, *USS Bainbridge* (DDG 96) and *USS Mason* (DDG 87), were assisting in towing the ship to port for repair.

The Norwegian owned *Front Altair* was also attacked and remained afloat but burning fiercely. The Iranian Revolutionary Guard Corps Navy claimed full responsibility for the assaults. Evidently Iran wants a full blown war with the Infidels of Europe and the United States.

Grout Museum, Waterloo, Iowa, opened a wonderful exhibit about the *USS Iowa* (BB61). Waterloo residents were the leaders in saving the largest battleship ever built by the US. They raised hundreds of thousands of dollars and wrangled with bureaucrats in California and Washington, DC.

This writer represented the Iowa Chapter of the Navy League. Other military dig-



Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.
(Doc) Regan

nitaries included Captain Peter Welch (CS USNR ret), Chairman of the Commissioning Committee of the *USS Iowa* SSN-797, Col Robert Stavnos, Military Officers Association of America and Kelly Sullivan, the granddaughter of Albert Sullivan, one of the five Sullivan brothers who died aboard the *USS Juneau* during WWII. The Sullivan brothers were from Waterloo and the convention center is named after them.

The Navy issued a call for RFP (Request for Proposals) on the new frigates about which they are drooling. The demands for such a ship include 32 vertical launching systems cells, an Aegis based combat system, the Cooperative Engagement Capability Datalink, advanced anti submarine and electronic warfare systems, a Raytheon Enterprise Air Surveillance Radar, space and weight to support 16 over the horizon anti-ship cruise missiles and space, weight and cooling for a 150 kilowatt laser. Let's build one in my backyard.

The Coast Guard Cutter *Vigilant* pulled a 59 day Caribbean patrol and captured a boat carrying 7,800lbs of illicit garlic. Evidently garlic is a major crop in the Dominican Republic and smuggling from Haiti is big business. The \$30,000 worth of illegal garlic is the biggest seasoning bust in Coast Guard history. How did they find the illegal substance? Smell?

One must feel great pity for the Navy's spokespeople who have to answer questions about the LCS ships. These wonders of wonder continue to have issues. The *USS Billings*, a Freedom class LCS, allided with Canadian bunker *Rosaire Desgagnes* that was berthed in Montreal. Wisconsin's Fincantieri built the ship and launched her in February 2019. She hasn't even been commissioned yet.

Oh my gosh, an LCS has actually been deployed for the first time in 19 months. The *USS Montgomery* (LCS-8) has been sent to the Philippines for duty. The *Independence*-version of an LCS, the ship will join the 7th Fleet after a stopover in Hawaii. I now believe in miracles. There is life after death!

Merchant Fleet

Shell's *Prelude*, a floating liquid natural gas facility off the west coast of Australia, delivered its first shipment of natural gas to the *Valencia Knutsen* for hauling to Asia. This is the first such transfer shipment. *Prelude* will ship 3.6 million tons of LNG annually. It is run jointly by Shell (two-thirds ownership), Inpex, KOGAS and OPIC.

Elbe #5, Germany's oldest wooden boat in service, collided with a container feeder ship, Cyprus flagged *Astrosprinter*. Forty-three passengers and crewmen were quickly rescued but the wooden boat rapidly sank.

Port of Oakland's Chris Lytle has loudly voiced concerns over continued China trade sanctions, stating that export to China make

up one third of the shipping revenues of his port. In a letter to the President he claimed that it was "clear that the overall negative long term potential of these tariffs on the international movement of agricultural products, manufactured goods, household items and retail products is real."

Lest the readers feel I have added a political rant against Donald Trump into this column, please note that I was President of my campus Young Republicans. I still believe that Iowa's greatest Governor was Robert D. Ray, who could have been Governor for life. I admit openly that I supported Richard Nixon over Hubert Humphrey. And I still would. However, I am now bored to death with both parties and consider myself a full blown Independent.

The Customs and Border Protection force raided the *CSS Guyane* and found 2.5 tons of cocaine aboard. Further inspection of 10,000 containers found that the original figure was a bit on the short side. When they were done they had over 18 tons of cocaine worth of \$1.3 billion! Earlier the agents raided sister ship *MCS Desiree* and found 1,200lbs of the drug. The enforcement group suspected that the MCS ships were engaged in hauling illicit drugs into the US and had an eye out for the *Guyane*. Of course, this is a record bust. The ship had 14 at sea additions to her manifest while moving from Peru to Panama.

Inland Waterways

Alabama, which is just about 49th in everything, has a motto, "Thank God for Mississippi." Well, Louisiana can challenge them in stupidity. All craft were called off the Mississippi River at the Crescent City of New Orleans because the flooding created untenable conditions, so a lady decided to see if she could swim across the river. The *MV Connie Z.* heard the emergency call and set out to save her. She refused to grasp a rope or life ring three times. This genius could hardly keep afloat or her head above water when she finally was swept onto a sandbar barely alive. Hmmm, maybe God was simply trying to chlorinate the gene pool.

Just to acknowledge that the South has no monopoly on stupidity, several years ago a colleague of mine took a dangerously overloaded boatload of people across the Mississippi to eat and drink heavily in Wisconsin. It was almost midnight before they trekked back toward Iowa. Fearing arrest for drunken boating and having no lights, she simply took the sloughs instead of the main channel. Naturally it was imperative to run full throttle. They hit a sunken tree, tore out the bottom, severely injured several and killed a preschool child. When the colleague came back to work everyone went and expressed their condolences and sympathy. I wanted to beat the brains out of her, except I figured she had no brain anyway.

This spring's flooded Mississippi left several Wisconsin side homes accessible only by boat. One woman tried walking to land. Her body was found a few days later.

Seattle Slew, a towboat out of Point La Hache, Louisiana, capsized and sank killing one crewman. *St. Rita* also capsized in the lower Mississippi and left a 15 mile oil slick on the water.

Big River magazine featured a wonderful article about Albert Tousely, a Minnesota native who canoed from Lake Itasca (the source of the Mississippi River) to the Gulf of Mexico in 1925, long before there were

dams and locks. He later wrote a book about his journey with great quotes such as, "the mosquitoes used to steal logs out of the river and we'd have to use shotguns on them, they were so big." He wrote about the meat packing plants that dumped all their waste directly into the river. Tousley was a graduate of the University of Minnesota and a founding member of Delta Chi fraternity (my son's frat). He ultimately started his journalism career at the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*. Eventually he moved to Waukon, Iowa (my hometown), and purchased the local newspaper. A later owner gave me Tousley's book when she moved south. It's a treasure and I am pleased that people almost 100 years later remember him and his trip down the Mississippi.

A record 79" sturgeon was caught in Bayport, Minnesota, this winter. The fisherman's auger battery died so he had to borrow another fisherman's machine to make a hole big enough to land the monster.

If you don't think flooding had much impact on the economy, check the data of barge grain movement. In the first week of June 2018 Lock 15 near Davenport, about halfway between St Paul and St Louis on the Mississippi, moved 326,000 bushels of corn, 3,000 bushels of wheat and 112,000 bushels of soy. In the same week of 2018, Lock 25 passed 438,000 bushels of corn, 5,000 bushels of wheat and 105 bushels of soy. The same month in 2019 saw zero bushels of grain go through Lock 15 or Lock 25. Worse, the second week of June was virtually the same.

In late June I drove from Dubuque, Iowa, to Alma, Wisconsin, a trip of about 150 miles along the beautiful bluff area of the Mississippi River. What was shocking was that I did not see a single barge on the river, nor did I see any fishing boats or pleasure craft. With locks being closed, debris in the river, a two month long cold, rainy and cloudy weather system, no business was being accomplished on the river. Worse, most boat landings were closed because of the debris and several marinas were simply closed. The economic impact of this year's weather is bigger than first believed.

At least one maritime business magazine noted the 100th birthday of the *Julia Belle Swain*, a lovely stern wheeler that once was owned by singer/song writer John Hartford and the man who wrote "Gentle on My Mind." The boat has gone through many owners and now sits in La Crosse, Wisconsin. The previous owner planned on repairing it and running it on the river as a tourist boat but he ran out of money. The current owner has the same plans but there has been little news about progress. What a beautiful boat that needs TLC!

Environment

Des Moines lost a court case against upstream rural counties because of the polluted waters that the city had to expensively clean up before using in its waterworks. Officials have again filed suit against the upstream counties. Meanwhile, Governor Kim Reynolds, who strenuously opposed the Clean Water Act, has decided against using Federal Standards of clean water, and Iowa will use a much weaker model. Her prime financial supporters are Big Ag Chemicals. Dubuque sued a dairy farm when its manure runoff killed the fish on the Little Maquoketa River. Lawler Dairies is notorious for manure runoff fish kills.

Here's an ethical question. Does Nature

have rights? Toledo, Ohio, residents voted to proffer Lake Erie the right to exist, flourish and evolve. Toledo has suffered a series of environmental troubles for many years including a layer of green muck full of toxic microcystins that cause severe illnesses to the point that the city cut off all water to 250,000 people for three days while they tried to counter the issues. Needless to say, Big Ag immediately sued claiming the law was unconstitutional.

Boat News

For those of us who have loved Bob Bitchin and his wonderful magazines are well aware of his trials and torments. He was the founder and publisher of *Latitudes and Attitudes* for many years while he also lived aboard and sailed his wonderful *Lost Soul* yacht. Then it all hit the fan at once. He decided to sell the magazine so he could sail and write a little. And he decided on a new boat, a custom built Shannon Global 52 footer, a mere \$1.5 million or so. The businessmen who bought the magazine and all the stuff that went with it, took off with everything, ran up the company credit card and their check for the business bounced. Bob could not cover the costs lost nor could he pay for his boat. He filed for bankruptcy.

But Bob never lost faith. He asked his subscribers to pony up \$250 each so he could start anew. He received enough cash to print *Cruising Outpost*, a quarterly instead of six times a year. After a ton of hard work, his dream came to fruition and the magazine took off. Then, after lots of legal wrangling, he won back his trademark and title of his old rag. Now *Latitudes and Attitudes* is back on the newsstands in full glory replete with lame jokes, Rich (Magic) Marker cartoons, boat reviews, columns by folks like Tania Aebi, technical tips, events (they have a "share the sail" experience annually and a party at all the big boat shows), book reviews and photos that make mere mortals drool.

I really love his magazine. Bob and his wife, Jody Lipkin, are two of the most interesting people in the world. A photo of Bob and me is on my desk. Check out the new/old *Latitudes and Attitudes*, buy a T shirt with a stupid cartoon, purchase a coffee mug and work like a captain and play like a pirate.



If you haven't seen or bought a LUCI light, then you need to. These are inflatable, solar powered lights that shine in six colors either alternating or just one color. They are

waterproof and light. Personally, I love them out on the patio or on the boat, especially in the evening. I got mine through *Small Boat Advisor* store.

Odds are that if you are a sailor, you like sailor songs. Jimmy Buffett, of course, tops the charts. Listening to him definitely arouses the urge to untie the boat, drink a few beers and head to the Caribbean with some buxom blonde stewardess named Bambi. Personally, I also desire that Bambi be filthy rich, unfortunately both my wife and my past secretaries all maintain that if such a person exists, the last person on earth with whom she would like to associate is Doc Regan. HOWEVER, in the music arena I would like people to know about Eric Stone. He is a superb singer/songwriter whom I have enjoyed for several years. Turn on Pandora and listen to Eric. Buy his CDs and spend hours dreaming of 40' Morgan off the Leeward Islands. He can be found running around in Florida singing at various establishments or at big Boat Shows with *Latitudes and Attitudes* parties. He is good.

Building Skin-on-Frame Double Paddle Canoes



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Outboard power made an appearance driving this impressive craft and its crew of energetic young women quite successfully.

"Red Ram" (below) lived up to its name when another craft veered suddenly across its bow.



And the winner was... this sea kayak, paddled by the young man in the center, [unclear]

The Great Salem Willows Card



These two young women suffered some buoyancy loss during the race and accepted supplementary outboard power near the finish.

The "flagship" moved through the water in impressive fashion bearing its colors.



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... ahead of the fleet.

Board Boat Race

August again brought forth creative design concepts in Salem, Massachusetts, as a local community staged its annual Great Card Race. A number of innovative concepts appeared, enjoying its.

25 Years Ago
in **MAIB**

Rowing multihulls made an appearance this year in both single and double configurations. Solo rower Everett Hobbs is our subscriber-on-the-scene who alerts us to this annual event, his "Korn Tiki" alludes to his summer popcorn concession at nearby Salem Willows amusement park.

Dad and daughter and their modest raft. Note underbody design of raft and laid back paddling style of the crew.



A study in hull trim. The lads at the left successfully completed the race despite an obvious trim problem, while the two youngsters at the right enjoyed a sedate and stable, if slow, tour of the course.



The "Irish Rover" became the Irish swimmer when the apparent low freeboard of his skiff let him down.



Back on the Saltchuck Part 3.0

A happy ghost of my past resurfaced today. We pulled into the parking lot at Swantown Marina in Olympia. Who should be rigging his boat but our pal Dennis? What a pleasant surprise. Jamie and I had just made the 60 odd mile round trip to visit the Real Inflatable Guy, where we got *Plan-B*, the inflatable, revalved, assembled and re inflated! *P-B* is Jamie's taxi and likely more. We got caught up a little and then headed down to the ramp to launch at a conclave of folks who are interested in other folks' boats.



It had been blowing hard all day and some of the boats at the ramp were actually out and about as part of the local Wednesday beer can races. On our way back to the parking lot we were watching the racers getting knocked on their respective butts. Later I got to talk to the crew of the Farrier-31 tri, built at home from plans and towed by an old Mazda pickup powered by a solar cell energized electric motor.

Then I got into a discussion about another guy's trailer wheels that were actually revolving on the spindles (the bearings had rusted out years before) and how he was getting only high dollar estimates for a new trailer and how I offered as how I've built scads of trailers from essentially junk and he could do the same thing by getting somebody's equipment hauler from craigslist.

But before that, on the way to the parking lot we were watching this little red Potter pitch and roll and carom on downwind toward the breaking stuff along the seawall. So we put dinner on hold and hiked on down the seawall and got to the end about the time the Potter washed up with two rather dazed looking occupants. The rudder had broken off, the boom had come adrift and other things had befallen. We rigged some warping lines and warped the little boat around to safety. We were about ready to go get *Plan-B* and tow them into the guest dock when the Harbor Patrol came back in from out the channel in search of them while Dennis, Jamie and I were warping them around.

Now it's the midwatch on Wednesday. Jamie and I got *Walkabout* launched by 1800 yesterday. We had the ramp all to ourselves, not what we expect for the bulk of our comrades yet to arrive. We moored to leeward of the guest dock with *Plan-B* alongside. The fleet will begin to assemble in earnest tomorrow.



The View from Almost Canada by Dan Rogers



The Synthetic Norwegian suggests that it's not only going to get colder than usual, it'll likely be wetter than usual while we are at it. Gonna continue to blow like stink, too. Yep. Sounds like a good time for Roof Boats.

Back on the Saltchuck Part 3.1

Jamie and I moored at the guest dock in Swantown Marina for two days. The clans continue to drift in, rig and launch and then motor off to find a place to tie up. It's really hard to tell but we may have about half of our membership assembled. The Grand Poohbah, Marty, showed up this afternoon. Seems after months of trying to gain official permission for this event from the Powers that Be, he finally got the nod. Jump off is supposed to be mid morning on Saturday. Tomorrow is Friday. Another 50 boats or so are still awaited.

Back on the Saltchuck Part 3.2

There's only so much preparing one can do. Our little fleet has continued to grow and grow all day today. Unlike I figured, there have been really no jams on the ramp. Dunno how many more boats will materialize by tomorrow morning. The marina has been terrific.

And, a bit of commentary, I think the majority of this group is composed of several versions of small, new and relatively expensive sailboats. Lighter than *Lady Bug* and slightly larger inside. Quite a few of them are crewed by couples. The majority of those are retirement age. We'll see how that seems to work out in the coming days. But I find it remarkable. There is one other pocket trawler, on the order of *Walkabout*, but considerably larger at 25'. And a few electrics. And another thing, in the main, considering the age and general demographic description of this gathering, I see overall a satisfactory level of competence, preparation and experience. A good group indeed. Underway on the morning tide.

Back on the Saltchuck Part 4.0

Cold, drizzle, cloudy/gloomy. We're underway on the Saltchuck. My TODO was down to a single item, "dump trash." We were to that magic moment where anything forgotten will just have to be forgotten. Underway! *Walkabout* ran on ahead (our assigned mission) and waited for the leaders to emerge.

We kept pace with a small cluster of unballasted sailboats. One, the smallest of the registered boats an 11' open boat. He got to Henderson Inlet among the first three boats.

Our other assigned mission was to scout out the anchorage. Then we offered an assessment and the fleet filed in and found places for the night. Jamie and I have at 2100 and near sundown made at least three trips ashore in *Plan-B*. A very capacious beach and an acceptable "mud quality index." The forecast is a bit alarming with winds gusting to 30mph. As the ceiling closes in the sun crawls below the trees to the west and *Walkabout* twists and sashays to the gusts and shifts. I just can't quite come to an obvious conclusion.

One of our solo sailing members who got here in an itty bitty dinghy just sailed by. He's been cutting through the anchorage for an hour or so. This after sailing the 15 miles from the start point this morning. Just sailing for the pure joy of it, exactly, like I used to do.



Back on the Saltchuck Part 4.1

Quite a day. I had occasion to talk briefly with the sailor from last night. He and his two companions are from the Bay Area. All three are sailing boats that some of us, admittedly, would not take out beyond the mill pond. Two of them are well-laden Mirror dinghies. One of the guys has already done a Texas 200 in his dinghy.

Walkabout drew "Drag Boat" duty today. We spent almost eight hours underway covering about 15 rhumb line miles. Lots of loitering, backtracking and running race tracks. But it wasn't without value. Everyone is accounted for. We took the last boat in tow after they discovered that their motor made plenty of "rhummm, rhumm" and not so much propwash. Fortunately my spare for the 2hp dink kicker fit more or less correctly.

This is pretty much what *Walkabout* was conceived to be able to do. It was kinda gratifying that we entered a crowded anchorage, wind gusting in the 20s and positioned them "just so" to both anchor and release the tow line on command. Jamie and I went on ahead and dropped our own hook, only to drag twice. The second time I pulled the hook up to the hawse and could get no further. About a 100lbs of kelp and clay dangled over the bow. By the time I managed to crawl prone out there and dig that stuff off the Bruce, I had need for a few band aids and a new T-shirt.

Tomorrow has me a bit worried, we need to hit the Tacoma Narrows pretty much on time and this herd of cats hasn't done anything much on a schedule so far.

Back on the Saltchuck Part 4.3

No drama in The Narrows. The forecast was for gusty northerlies. We were lined up to hit the Narrows on the ebb. Well, it was still an empty church. Not a breath of wind. We all found our way into Gig Harbor without much ado.



The night before can't say nearly the same. Wind howled through the anchorage. *Walkabout* dragged the hook twice. And then, after we picked a more favorable location, a "mystery swell" came in around the point. We rolled, we kerthumped with stern to the rollers. Quite suddenly the wind had quit, the tide started running and the swell came rolling in. Kinda crummy, actually. Spooky, even.

Then, with the sun, everything turned another cheek. The fleet slowly left Penrose and filed in ones and twos and bunches across Carr Inlet and into Hall Passage "behind" Fox Island, an interesting run for those of us motoring. And then it was into The Narrows. Nearly the whole fleet made themselves at home on the city dock. We owned the place! A total cacophony of boat talk, showers at the head of the pier and a boat shop tour and BBQ at the community boat shop. The games extended to dark. The memories will extend much farther.



Back on the Saltchuck Part 4.4

Today turned into a long haul for a pretty short rhumb line. Most of the time it didn't blow at all. Then it blew a bit. Then it quit. Everybody found their way north from Gig Harbor to Blake Island. Just about everybody with a blow boat of some sort got to sail at the north end of Colvos Passage. A huge barge pushed ahead by a tug scattered the flock, progressively, as it blasted its way south along Vashon Island.



Then some of us got to practice with the ferry lanes that link the island to each side of the Sound. Followed was a docking drill where boats got shoehorned into the small moorage, inside the small breakwall, on Blake Island.



Back on the Saltchuck Part 4.5

The road to Kingston is paved with ferry boats. When I called home Kate cautioned me to "just look out for yourself, crossing those ferry routes." And I thought about doing just that. Then came the first call, "I'm about half-way across and I don't know what to do."



"*Walkabout*, Roger, on the way." And so a long day began. We did the occasional tow and mostly, were along "just in case." Very *Messing About in Boats*, September 2019 – 33

calm most of the way. Our fleet of eight on to 100 craft got famously spread out. Jamie and I got into Kingston about 1400. We went immediately to work with a small cadre attempting to find space for ten score in a guest dock with space for about four dozen. We towed the last straggler in from south of Presidents Point at about 2000. Knots of tired sailors all up and down the pier.



Back on the Saltchuck Part 5.0

A new chapter, a tough choice, hard going, a casualty and a marvelous kindness. I've had this feeling that it was getting time to head back south. Also that "voice" kept waking me up last night, the one that says, softly, "Maybe you should just stay put for a while." When I wake up, there's nobody there. I doze off. Then it happens again. Whoever it is is a total worrywart. It had gotten to me.

Our fleet was doing something like a waterborne LeMans Start. I considered just hanging out for a bit and was rather surprised to find the mooring lines already taken in, fenders stowed and Miss Suzi already online. Underway but that voice just would not give it up. In my rush I can't really tell you if I tilted the dinghy outboard up or how well it was secured. I do know we used it to ferry a guy in from anchorage and went on to other tasks.

We barely rounded the riprap and were already heaving up and down pretty darn violently. *Walkabout* hasn't really been sea trialed in this level of steep, short period seas. She was doing OK, probably coming about half out of the water, then headed face-down into it. We'd splash back down to the rub strake around the bow, making about 3-4 knots right into it. The fleet was coming left and heading down wind. That damn voice was shouting, "This isn't going to be any good, you could lose your own boat if it gets worse and you feel compelled to try to stop and pick one of these little open boats out of the surf, er' sumthin' else stoopid." I beat myself up for another dozen breaking seas. I really couldn't leave the wheel, not even long enough to grab the chart.

"Salish 100 fleet. *Walkabout*. We are detaching and heading back to Olympia. Out." I shifted from our fleet common channel 69 to 16 and tried not to look back. Just like that voice predicted, it got worse. Then it got bad. Snap rolls. Porpoising. And the inflatable was doing tail walks. I more or less expected to see the painter part. I was dreading the possibility of that dinghy anchor and floating line going overboard and then dragging. Then little *Plan-B* seemed to settle down. As we started to climb out of the next trough, I stole a glance back over my shoulder. We had lost Rudie in 6 fathoms east of Presidents Point.



Miss Suzi didn't miss a beat. *Walkabout* never gave me a moment's worry. We pitched and rolled our way on south and in a couple of hours caught the lee of Point Jefferson. Headed for Port Madison, a place I once sailed to and in every imaginable weather. Today, more a relief than a recollection. We anchored off *Riptide*.



Pete had offered to let us raft up if we had need for going ashore on the way south. I gave him a call and the answer was just what you might expect from a man who has had command at sea, "We are headed out for the Hood Canal Bridge. We'll turn around and be down to *Riptide* in ten minutes." He and Helen showed up and offered Jamie and me the kindest favor. I had been stewing about my erstwhile friends out in that same mix-master with no port of refuge for a stretch of over ten miles and no *Walkabout* to offer even moral support.

They plopped us in their car and we skeaddled on up to the only beach where we could stand and watch them go on by. Everybody made it! There will be stories to tell. I can hardly wait.

Back on the Saltchuck Part 5.1

South bound just Jamie and me. Yes, I miss the constant radio chatter. Yes, I miss the smiles and stories on the pier at night. Yes, Jamie is going into withdrawal. Only me to scratch his ears. We planned it this way.

Last night we had a rather solitary stay at a deserted guest float in Brownsville. Kevin came down to visit for a bit. We only see him when we come through here by water. We made an unobserved departure right at 0900.

We stopped at Blake (Raccoon) Island for some shore liberty, an ice cream sand-

wich, a reheated breakfast burrito from the B-ville deli and "back on the road." Colvos Passage was deserted compared to our northbound gaggle. With about a total of six hours on Miss Suzi and a piddling three gallons less in the duty tank, we are tied up to the Docton County Park float. It's officially closed for repair "until further notice." The sign says we can stay here for "day use," whatever that might imply.

A minus tide in the morning. Next main event is the retransit of the Tacoma Narrows. Jamie's been reading up on the current. Been a good day.

Back on the Saltchuck Part 5.2

An unexpected stop. The kindness of strangers. Jamie started shaking rather uncontrollably just as we hit the almost exact mid point in a rhumbline from Docton to Gig Harbor. Apparently, we left with business yet to do. The flood was coming up and things swirled somewhat erratically in that particular neighborhood. I made the command decision to continue on, rang up turns for "All Ahead Bendix!" and tried to settle my mate with a repeated, "We're doing our best, and I know that you are, too." Well, we made it. Just, I'd guess.

We waited for the race to subside a bit in the Narrows. After another round or three of the grassy area we wandered across the main drag to visit a coffee shop. For a couple of country boys out on a "boy trip," Gig Harbor is very much the Yuppified Upscale community. We were attempting to wait our turn and to "order from the door." Time to get to getting. The wind was coming up from the south against the race.

And by the time we got there no wind and a good thing for that. Our only gauge for this trip is the little GPS more or less installed in our helm station. Just as we pirouetted under the twin spans it read "11mph." Miss Suzi was contributing about five of those and most of those were across the current to adjust for an ill attended helm that put us too close to one of the bridge pylons. We went under the bridge sideways at nearly 10 knots. The whole while I was ruminating on how that might have gone with the dozens and dozens of low powered and non powered small(er) boats I escorted through here on the northbound leg. If the forecast wind had materialized? Lots of IFs. lots of 'em.

Back on the Saltchuck Epilogue

It's time to get *Walkabout* on her trailer. *Big Red* and *Mr Brogans* have been waiting here in Olympia. I guess you could say we cut things a bit shorter than expected last night. Miss Suzi was showing one of those multi purpose warning lights as we slogged our way upcurrent in Dana Passage. Turns out, just a reminder that her next oil change really should have been gotten to before we departed the Frankenwerke. But we didn't. We hung a left and made it in just as it got dark last night. Our electronic sum log shows 199.2 miles traveled, Saturday to Saturday. It took just over 40 hours to get that far. We will find a watering hole to replenish the gas but I'd guess it took around 16 gallons to go 200 miles pushing a ton and a quarter and more with the tows we made on the way uphill. I am well pleased with our craft and simply THRILLED about how Jamie performed. Well, time to get things together and get this wagon train on the (asphalt) road. This party's over

Big Sky and Big Water Part 1.0

It was the slightest, most ephemeral brush with celebrity. The entire episode, over in less than 30 seconds. But Jim says he'll show me the house. I can go knock on the door. He says he sees him at the post office alluhtime. He lives just down the road. Just regular folks.

That was this afternoon. We'd just gotten back to where we started out this morning. Well, sort of. Jamie the Seadog and I drove over to the north end of Flathead Lake yesterday. We started out at the weld shop and then went to the jail and the grocery store and talked to the Sheriff and the deputy Prosecuting Attorney and the gas station and got *Walkabout* and *Plan-B* and *Blarney* inspected at Albeni Falls and Bonner's Ferry and then, in Troy, and then again this morning in Kalispell. And that was a pretty busy day. I guess we drove about 300 miles along the way. Huge swaths of Iconic US-2 are pretty much like Lewis and Clark left 'em.



Yesterday morning I really felt like I should get that trailer tongue extension welded before embarking on this overland Voyage of Discovery. And since we got robbed at the end of last week, we had business with the guys who are gonna deal directly with the perpetrator, hence the trip to the jail. And all those inspections are the result of towing a boat across state lines. And yet another one because Flathead is in a special jurisdiction. That got us here, to go launch *Mer Greta* and *Walkabout*.



But I think we drove about 100 miles up and down the lake looking for a ramp where Jim could get his rather large Frankenboat into the water. Only one, out of the lot of them, and this is a big durn puddle, was steep enough, Jim's home ramp about a mile from his house. And that's where we had gotten back to.



I was taking *Mer Greta's* bowline to a cleat when Jim said off handedly, "See that guy on that ski boat pulling out?" I think there may have been a half dozen folks on that particular stinkpot. "Well, he's the son of the guy who wrote *Dove*. I suppose it took me another second to process this and I blurted out, in the direction of the departing speedboat, "Hey! Your name Graham!?"

"Yeah."

"Well, I guess you could say that I grew up along with your dad, except he got to sail around the world, and I got drafted." And they were gone. But Jim says he knows where he lives just down the road. Wow, maybe I'll get to find out what happened after Robin Lee Graham swallowed the anchor and moved to Montana. And if I do, well, maybe you will, too.

Right now our two boats, Jim's and mine, are anchored just off a festoon of no trespassing signs at the head of a cleft in the Flathead shoreline known as Deep Bay. Our stern is in only 2' of water on two hooks. In between those no trespassing signs is a sign that offers 17 acres and 700 frontage feet for sale. We're snuggled up for the night. Barring a blow from the south, we'll continue the voyage south come morning.



Big Sky and Big Water Part 1.1

We pretty much "did" the western half of the big, round and rather intimidating part of the lake today. When we were trying to find a place to launch *Greta* yesterday we encountered a landing craft dumping trash.

The boat said "Bay Scouts, Melita Island" on the side in really big letters. It was manned by a fellow our age who Jim knows from someplace. We got an invite to come out to Melita Island for a visit. They have quite the lashup, a marina with big and little sailboats, canoes, paddle boards, even ski boats, a regular chow hall, a company street of wall tents. After tying up with the help of a gaggle of scouts under the supervision of an older boy, who chastised us for improper procedure on Channel 69, I blubbered something like, "We didn't think anybody was even using radios any more."



After walking around for a bit we found ourselves at the exit of the chow hall. I'm certain I saw myself standing in that line. That skinny, sunburned, buzz cut kid sure could have been me. Believe me, 60 years can evaporate in a New York second sometimes. We were invited for lunch by the Camp Director Libby, a mom of four, the daughter of the former camp ranger and an ICU nurse in "real life." They have kids come from all over the country for their one week sessions. With six periods over a summer, they host around 1,500 kids.

I asked if they could use a broken down old sailor to teach sailing, ersumpin. Libby let on that she doesn't like public speaking and that she had to give her "regular" end of camp presentation that night and that it was getting a bit old and some of the kids had already heard it in prior years, and well. So I retired to *Walkabout*, then rolling rather heavily tied to the quay wall, and dashed off something on the laptop. Then it was time to get back on the road.

It's not all that often one sees a full sized gas station sign on a rock, looking for all the world like a lighthouse. I ran on over to inspect this and discovered that a lighthouse was in order. Depths sprung up from over 100' to about 2'3'. Oops.



About then Jim called over on 69 and asked me if I had checked the weather lately. After listening to the prediction a couple times I was startled enough to suggest we start looking for shelter. The wind was coming up and the sky was getting a bit dirty. This guy was telling us to start looking for gusts to 30, heavy rainfall and even hail. We came about and began to pick 'em up and lay 'em down in the direction of our now quite distant origination point in Somers.



We tucked into Deep Bay again, this time on the way north, for the night. Morning brought some of the prognosticated wind, rain, lightning and hurried us on our way. By the time we had run the rest of the way north to Somers and put both of the boats on their trailers, the beginnings of a hot (93°) calm, busy Saturday on the lake were well underway. We spent the whole rest of the day doing boat projects.

Big Sky and Big Water Part 1.2

Been a long, eventful, and quite wonderful day. *Greta* and *Walkabout* were moored in a narrow isthmus along the southern/western shore about a third of the way to the end of the most lovely, remote, wilderness surrounded body of water I've been on this side of the Inside Passage. The "average" peak in a wall to wall cast of mountains is over 7,000' in elevation.



It was a twisty, narrow road to get there with a 500' tall dam to drive across that led us up to Hungry Horse Reservoir earlier today. I can't quite summon convincing words enough to describe how gut wrenching it is to tow a trailer over that 565' high dam and then wend our way up and down a road, as the sign puts it, rather dryly, "Road changes width, maintain vigilance." It went from real narrow to damn skinny. Opposing traffic gets very, very intimate on occasion. There were no lines painted on that meandering strip of tarmac, none in the middle, none at the sides where there were no guard rails. I guess the trees would "catch us" in some fashion. At least that would be limited to the down slope side. On the other side we couldn't fall up a cliff, not with a truck and trailer attached at least. But, we got there and we got back.



It was a summer Sunday. We were about the only ones working alone and facing a rather crowded launch phalanx without organic helpers to either loiter in the boat, drive the truck and trailer to the parking area, etc. We did cause a bit of a stir with a few ad hoc maneuvers, a great deal of forbearance from officialdom and an eccentric park host who marked the map with recommended overnight anchorages and other timely encouragement. Suffice it to say we showed up at this anchorage without quite a few things that still languish back in the parking lot. Things got pretty crazy back at the ramp.



We wandered along the shoreline, dipping into this creek canyon and sampling that beach for the balance of the afternoon. Paul said it was the best lake in the world. We'll see what comes with the daylight. He just might be right.



Big Sky and Big Water Part 1.3

Hungry Horse Reservoir was SPEC-TACULAR! *Walkabout* and *Mer Greta* churned their way about halfway up one side and back the other, about a 40 mile circuit. As the sun took ever so long to fade off to behind the mountains just to the west, and as the full moon made a slow transit overhead, Jamie and I stood in the cockpit and listened to the silence. Perfectly still, perfectly wilderness. The only manmade light was from our pair of anchor lights. This sort of thing doesn't happen all that often. I don't think we saw even another boat until we were most of the way back to the ramp.

We were "supposed" be getting back on the trailers by about midday. Well, it's like this. *Walkabout* would nose around "just one more corner" and then *Mer Greta* would nose into "just one more creek" and before we knew it we were still heading away from the ramp when we were "supposed to" already be there. It was just that kind of place.

Later it was night again. We were parked in Jim and Janel's driveway. The Montana raindrops were kersplattering on *Walkabout's* cabin roof. Jamie had already hit the hay and I was soon to follow. Tomorrow we start heading for home. Maybe we'll stop off someplace or other. We are still on a Voyage of Discovery but sadly this party is over.



Big Sky and Big Water Epilogue

We were pulled off the highway near the top of a hill at the head of an apparently unpopulated valley. Cars and trucks pass, then it gets silent for a while. There is one farmhouse visible off to the north. Nobody has come along and asked me to move on. I'm not "taking somebody else's spot." We could likely stay the night and nobody would even pull over to discuss the matter with us. OK, I might appear to be wandering a bit but this is what we spent months, even years, preparing these boat trips for, so we can anchor in some deserted cove and "not do anything."

We're still two states, and at least 300 miles, from home. The roadway is narrow, bumpy, twisty and marked for way too high a speed limit. Getting home will consume the whole day, just following that center stripe. It seems a whole lot like what was so wonderful about our last anchorage on Hungry Horse. The quiet, the lack of an organized goal, the real reason for this trip a chance to go someplace different, a chance to just stop and enjoy what that new place has to offer. So we'll just call this little spot we borrowed the Montana Highway Department Anchorage.

And now, we really should be on our way.

Dancing Chicken

A Mini-Saga in (?) Parts Part XXIX

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Apparently it's sometimes possible for a person to stare at a grouping of puzzle pieces that would obviously (well, pretty obviously) fit together and still be totally unaware of what it is they're looking at. I say that because I'm remembering me doing that or something analogous to that.

I was trying to figure out how to solve the space problem in the Airstream, which has been exacerbated by the weather recently. Obviously, one idea I'd been considering, which was to take *Dancing Chicken* outside to work on, would not very frequently work this year. I also had considered (Part XXVII) putting up a rebar dome such as I'd constructed down by the Terry Camper years ago. But then (Part XXVIII), "... for one thing ... I like to have any project I'm working on close at hand, which is one reason, I guess, why I built *Talitha Cumi* inside the camper in which I was living at the time."

So there I was, as I see it now, staring at all the pieces I really needed to have at hand in order to figure out this puzzle, which was right in front of me. Some of the "pieces" I didn't see at first were embodied in this statement I made, "I'm not sure whether or not I mentioned that when I brought the pieces of coroplast into the Airstream for the winter, the only way I could see to fit them in there was to suspend them from the ceiling in the foyer." (Part XXVIII).

I also remarked way back in Part XXI about how light the entire section was, partly because of the coroplast. But even after all that, it wasn't until I guess a day or so later when I remember finally thinking, "Of course! Suspend the frames from the ceiling!"

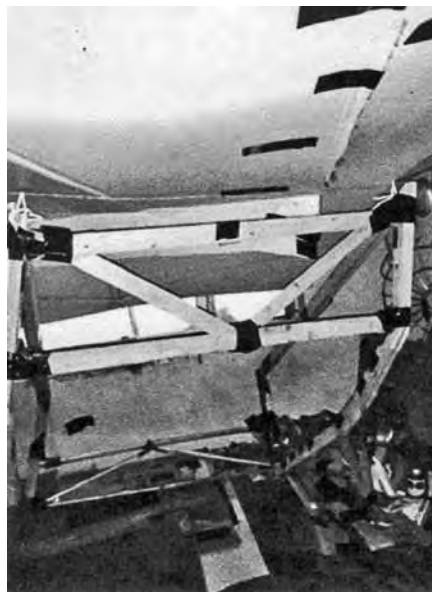
Meanwhile, I've also been working on that design for the frames. Utilizing the "three dimensional rough sketch" idea to which I referred in (for one) Part XXVII, I used some of the pieces of lath I have accumulated that would undoubtedly have been long gone into the "shop stove" if there had been one in my work area, but there isn't. This means that I have some pieces that I can use, along with Gorilla Tape, in a similar way that I have used strips of cardboard and masking tape (Part XXVII).

When sketching with a pencil, of course, the procedure frequently includes drawing a line and then erasing it and drawing another one that looks more like that which one wishes to end up with. This process is similar. The sketch may characteristically begin by looking somewhat chaotic, but I get a chance to see what will work and eventually I (hopefully) end up with something viable.

This next photo is a good illustration of the process of "three dimensional rough sketching." It's a rough sketch of the forward section and also an illustration of an initial experiment in the suspension process. The bow section frame is at this point only partially suspended since the aft end is at the moment supported by the work surface.

OK, not totally suspended. But it's a work in progress. Meanwhile, even partially suspending it helps with the space problem. For example, here is a three dimensional rough sketch of the forward section before

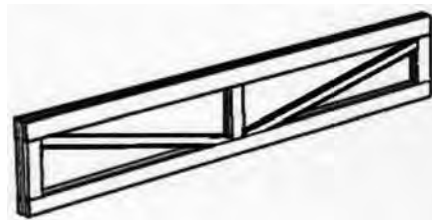
suspending it. That fabric right there at the port bow is an improvised cushion for the cooler which is also where I sit to take my boots on and off, etc, when getting ready to



go in and out and stuff like that. As much as I wish to be able to cooperate with that which will help *Dancing Chicken* in her progress, I did not want to give her my "door seat." Part of the advantage of (even partially) suspending the frames from the ceiling is that I can now reclaim it.



Meanwhile, here, utilizing a modification of the Microsoft Paint sketch from Part XXV is what I have so far gleaned from my "sketching" as to what the bow member and other lateral frames will tentatively look like.



One interesting fact is that most coroplast boats do not have this much framing. In fact, some have none. However, *Dancing Chicken* is not a typical coroplast boat. One could perhaps fairly accurately say that she is only part coroplast boat. She's also not a typical sectional boat or, for that matter, a typical folding boat.

Meanwhile, the process continues. Here is *Dancing Chicken*, carrying with her all the puzzle pieces she has collected in the course of her saga. What will corporealize when they are all assembled? We shall see.



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Beginnings

Taylor's interest is what drove the project, when introduced to the concept he wouldn't let it rest. I was getting pretty excited about it, too. And we were homing in on the design choice.

I'm talking about building a boat.

Taylor was ten years old and the time was right. In fact, I was afraid that putting it off much longer might result in it never happening at all. So we studied in earnest, quickly focusing in on the collection of Chesapeake Light Craft plywood "stitch-and-glue" kits. We wore thin the CLC catalogue as we thumbed through it countless times and eventually we kept returning to the page featuring the Jimmy Skiff. That's the one, we agreed. And we were not interested in the sailing version, the elegantly simple rowing model was what we wanted.

Now when I say "building a boat" I use some artistic license, since our choice of a kit boat meant that a lot of the work would already have been done. We'd be skipping a fair amount of effort involved in "really" building a boat such as designing, lofting, setting up stations, laying the keel. Not to mention measuring and cutting just right all those pieces of lumber. So, as you can see, the "stitch-and-glue" method is about as foolproof a boat building technique as one can find. Therefore, I knew Taylor and I had a real good chance of finishing the boat before we got sidetracked by other must do activities.

The Jimmy Skiff, the appellation coming from a nickname for the male Chesapeake Bay blue crab, is a rowing boat possessing a length of 13' and a beam of 50". Its all up weight is calculated to be about 110lbs. Yes, the Jimmy Skiff would be perfect and we could envision not only the kit coming together at our hands, but beyond that the rowing outings and adventures we were sure to have aboard it.

Having settled on the choice of boat, we started planning in earnest. We decided to build the skiff at our ancestral tidewater Virginia home, nowadays a vacation place for the extended family. The building project would take place in the open air but under the protection of a shed roof. Over the course of some weeks, besides honing our desire to undertake the project, we gathered up the required supplies, tools, sawhorses.

Picking Up the Kit

Acquiring the actual Jimmy Skiff kit from Chesapeake Light Craft entailed a road trip to Annapolis, a five hour trip from home. Technically, of course, we could have had the kit shipped directly to our home but we felt that getting it at CLC world headquarters would be fun and an integral part of the overall experience. Sure enough, it was exciting doing just that, visiting the folks at CLC and taking ownership of that big cardboard box and a few other assorted packages of all the okume plywood pieces, fiberglass cloth, epoxy resin and other fittings and odds and ends necessary to put together the skiff. We left CLC with the boxes in the bed of our Toyota pickup and smiles on our faces.

The Annapolis trip was especially memorable due to our finding ourselves smack in the middle of a massive Interstate 95 traffic jam on our way home. We were stopped in our tracks with only intermittent movement for several hours. That couldn't dampen our

The Good Ship *Yo Yo*

By John Robinson



spirits, however, and we sang along to every song on the radio. We knew our boat creating adventure was about to really take off and life was good.

The Build Begins

The hands on building of the skiff kit started on a winter weekend during a period of mild weather. Mild for winter, yes, but still chilly. The very first steps involved gluing with epoxy resin the lengths of plywood making up the sides of the hull. Precisely prepared scarf joints made the connection strong and smooth. Unfortunately, the chill in the air and the unpracticed nature of we resin mixers retarded the curing of the epoxy and it still wasn't fully cured several days later. Such was the nature of learning while doing.

A scarf joint similar to the ones used on the hull sides was utilized for the bottom of the skiff. The elements of mixing epoxy resin and catalyst, manipulating and applying it to the joint, then placing wax paper and weight to compress the whole business came together in a satisfying way.

Naming the skiff was easy. Taylor had started playing the cello a year previous and had really taken to it. I, too, had become quite fond of cellocentric music and we had been listening to recordings by cello masters such as Mischa Maisky, Zviil Bailey and especially *Yo Yo Ma*. During the project we often listened to Mr Ma's cello music while we stitched, glued and sanded. So naming the boat *Yo Yo* came naturally. And not only for the cello connection but for the playful ring to it.

Having been involved with some modest boat building projects with Taylor's granddad when I was a kid, creating the *Yo Yo* brought back memories. The basic seeds of boat building had long ago found purchase in the soil of my soul, the aroma, the feel, the appearance of the wood. And beyond that the sensation of being the driving force behind the combining of such varied pieces of wood and other materials to create the cohesive functional beauty of a unique watercraft. Wow, that's heady stuff to me.

Sewing the hull together, that is connecting the bottom, sides and transom, was certainly a high point of the project. We drilled $\frac{1}{8}$ " holes along the edges of the pieces every few inches and used lengths of copper wire placed through these holes to temporarily fasten the boat. Twisting the wires tightly with a pair of vise grips where they emerged from the outside of the hull resulted in an amazing transformation of the pieces into a unified whole and Taylor and I were delighted at how quickly was the assumption of the shape of a lovely boat.

Once the skiff was thus "sewn" together, it was a matter of gluing with epoxy resin all of those junctions. After liberally applying epoxy resin along the seams on the inside of the hull, we carefully laid 3" wide, 9oz fiberglass tape into the stuff and thoroughly wetted out the tape using our trusty, cheap, disposable brushes. We got good at mixing the epoxy resin and catalyst, made easier by winter turning to spring, but a session of working with that epoxy resin always left me a little frowzy in its wake.

In the Thick of It

Draping the 6oz fiberglass cloth over the upturned hull was a little awkward and exciting. Before doing so I had a feeling that it was something that some practice sure would help, I mean stretching that resin sticky cloth out nice and smooth and getting the resin thinned over and the cloth saturated just right was tricky. But, as with life in general, there was no rehearsal. I was right, our efforts to get a perfect result were thwarted by our fumble fingers and inexperience, not to mention our impatience. But Taylor and I worked together with gloved hands pulling, spreading and smoothing the gooey cloth. Anyway, where the cloth made the abrupt turn around the chines and transom there were folds that we just couldn't quite eliminate, but all in all it looked great and we were happy with our progress. Springtime had come and *Yo Yo* was really coming along.

When we'd come to an important stopping point, like the aforementioned cloth draping of the upturned hull, we were liable to take off the rest of the day while the epoxy cured. Getting on the water a few steps away from the work space was a typical option, maybe to paddle the canoe up the creek to search the adjacent woods for the elusive wild orchid Pink Lady's Slipper.

And then came the building phase of mixing sawdust and epoxy together to make fillets of putty to be spread along the sewn together seams of *Yo Yo's* hull. Mixed to the consistency and appearance of peanut butter, we applied the putty to those inside seams with a piece of plastic cut to the proper radius. We couldn't help using our fingers a lot, too.

The completion of other details demanded our attention, also, of course. It was fun installing the three seats. The middle one in particular featured elegantly curved support pieces fore and aft and the spacious stern seat, being sealed all around, created a watertight flotation compartment. *Yo Yo's* shapely fore-deck was carefully cut and installed using not only glue but brass brads as well, and we glued and screwed the plywood skeg on the hull near the stern. And finishing the stem at the bow of the *Yo Yo* to an acceptable degree took some special care. And throughout the process Taylor and I got better at executing all of the requisite skills involved.

The Home Stretch

Finally *Yo Yo* was almost ready to launch. We affixed the fittings such as various cleats and the mission critical oarlocks. And using the small brass brads we installed leathers on the oar shafts. Now that was classy! And we sanded, sanded and sanded some more. When our tolerance for surface smoothness matched our desire to be just done with the project, we quit sanding and hurriedly, sorry, slapped on

the hull a coat of Flag Blue polyurethane paint I had left over from another project. The inside of *Yo Yo's* hull received an equally rushed coat or two of leftover varnish. It looked great, especially from a few paces off. We wrapped up by installing colorful blue and red bow and stern lines. At this point, mid summer, Taylor and I were beyond ready to launch what we considered our exceedingly handsome little skiff.

Launch Day

We summoned anyone loitering in the area to join the gallery to observe and celebrate the launch and initial sea trials of the good ship *Yo Yo*. Some libation was splashed over the bow, a few earnest comments murmured and the *Yo Yo* was pushed gently yet vigorously into Locklies Creek. What a grand and glorious sight the little skiff presented as it bobbed lightly on the rippling water. Taylor quickly clambered aboard.

As I watched Taylor make those first tentative strokes of the oars, then more confidently propel himself and the skiff down the creek, I was proud indeed. The matched puddles at intervals trailing astern served as punctuation marks signifying the end of one project adventure and the start of another.



Taylor in the *Yo Yo* skiff and son Adam in the rowing scull.



Fleet's In!

Marblehead Race Week drone photo by Harvey Petersiel



The Arrival

We were barely able to fit the hull into the backyard. It was early spring so the ground was soft. The tractor got stuck pushing the hull back. We used plywood sheets for traction. Later that day the wheelhouse arrived and was mounted to the hull with the help of a crane.



The Forward Stove

Several of *Helge's* projects were built while waiting on the hull. One such project was the designing, constructing and testing of the forward cabin's Dickinson stove. The stove also serves as the forward cabin's heater.

Originally its only moving part was a simple metering device. Heat output was adjusted by turning a knob on its top, but this created a problem, the stove was not thermostatically controlled. If left unattended the boat could slowly heat up or cool down.

I solved this by installing a second metering device in parallel with the first. The original meter is permanently set to a low heat output. The second meter is adjusted to a high when the two meters are combined.

The Building of *Helge*

A George Buehler Diesel Duck



Wendell Gallagher is building a Buehler Diesel Duck 38. He had the steel hull built at a yard and trucked to his home and is doing the rest himself.

Two fuel pumps now run the stove. One continuously pumps and the other cycles via the thermostat.

The pot cabinet was my very first woodworking project.



The Fridge

I built *Helge's* fridge from plywood and mahogany. It has 6" of insulation and a vacuum sealed door (made by Glacier Bay). The Isotherm compressor and holding plate assembly are made in Sweden. The compressor's speed varies depending on the system's load. This allows it to "sip" electricity when the demand is low. With 87° days and 70° nights the fridge draws only 16amp/hours.





The Hot Water Heater

Helge's electrical system will be solar powered. Because of that it leaves out electricity for the making of hot water. So why not use the stove?

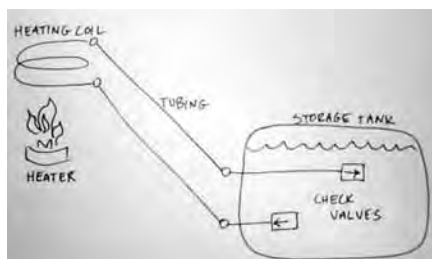
The problem with the stove is its intended location. It will be mounted higher than the hot water tank. That leaves out heat by convection. Running a pump won't work because of the drain on the solar system. Lying in bed one night an idea came to me, why not have the water circulate itself by building a giant percolator!

By taking advantage of water's ability to expand and contract as it changes its state from a liquid to a vapor, it can pump itself up or down hill.

Here's how it works, water is heated inside the stove's water heating coil. When the water starts to expand and turn to steam it pushes itself and water in front of it out. It can only go in one direction because an inlet check valve resists backward flow. As the steam that was just pushed out of the heater starts to cool, it contracts while turning back into water again. As it shrinks, it can't draw from the outlet because of the check valve installed there. The only thing that can happen is for it to draw more water from the inlet side to start the whole process over again. I ran some tests and found that the diameter and the angle of the tubing affected the efficiency of the system beyond my comprehension, but after a little tweaking I got everything working fine.

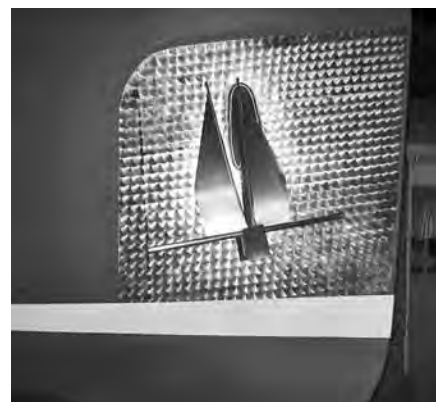
Update: Since the advent of efficient magnetic rotor pumps this steam propelled system is no longer needed. These new pumps will simplify the plumbing and consume only $\frac{1}{4}$ amp of electricity.

During the summer months *Helge's* hot water will be made from a solar heater. I constructed a model heater and tested it during the month of April. I was able to raise the temperature of 100lbs of water 20°F in one afternoon. That's not hot water but it's warm enough to shower with. Because I will have more solar electricity available through the spring and summer, it can use a circulation pump. It will switch on and off depending on the solar heater's water temperature. The cycling will help conserve electricity.



The Anchor

Most smaller boats, like mine, carry their anchors up on deck. I decided to be different and do it like the big yachts do. I mounted *Helge's* anchor against the hull. I had Custom Steel Boats construct the anchor area out of stainless steel to help prevent rust from forming where metal meets metal. I dressed up the stainless area by giving it a jeweled effect. It took me a full day to map out the pattern and burnish in the swirling. I used automotive brake cleaning disks for the job. I took this photo at night, with a flash to accent the effect. *Helge's* stainless area stands out against the "seasoned" hull.



The Windows

Helge's windows are made of $\frac{3}{8}$ " thick Lexan. Lexan is much tougher than glass and considerably lighter. The windows are bolted directly to the boat vs held in place by a separate framing. This makes them more wind and wave resistant. Many a boat has been sunk in a blow because of failed windows or hatches. The windows are dressed with mahogany trim while the forward outside windows use brass.

Because *Helge's* windows are made of Lexan, conventional wipers can't be used, the windows would quickly become scratched despite their anti abrasion and UV resistant coatings. I've installed a Clear View screen instead. A clear view works by spinning itself up to such a high rate of speed that water spray is immediately slung off.





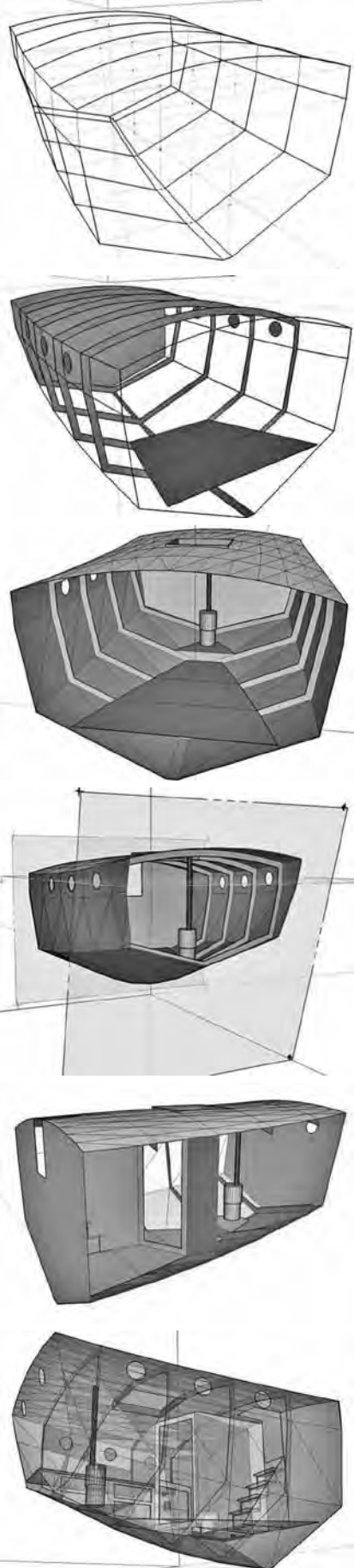
The Rudder

I constructed *Helge's* rudder out of mahogany planks, the largest of which was 4" thick, 12" wide and 12' long. The designer of the boat, George Buehler, supplied plans to construct the rudder from either steel or wood. I decided to go with wood because of its beauty. The larger than usual rudder will offer increased stability in following and quartering seas.

George likes to design his rudder so that if a water skier happens to smack into one the skier will break, not the rudder. It was a heavy lift getting the rudder out of the basement and hanging off the stern. Many thanks to the Robert boys, Mike and Alpine, and Paul (and let's not forget dad, the top gud-geon guider).

The Aft Cabin

These are different drafting stages I drew of *Helge's* aft cabin using Sketchup:



The Dutch Doors

Helge uses Freeman's Marine Dutch style doors. Opening a top half offers an out of doors feeling while still maintaining a level of safety. When a door is swung open, an automatic latch secures the entire door or just the top.



The original 38' Diesel Duck, 22 years old when this photo was taken visiting in San Diego in 2012.

Lots More Coming Next Month!

I was born in 1948 in Oregon. It was a good time to be born because I'm just old enough to have experienced all the fine "old timey" stuff like wood boat building and pre corporate ownership of the majority of the what used to be little "gyppo" businesses like logging, boat building, saw mills, hardware stores and the like.

Back when I actually was able to buy a salmon troll license and commercial fish with hand gear I was absolutely no threat to the fish, but such activities aren't allowed today. Yes, all bow to corporate interests. And I am young enough to avoid getting killed in WWII or Korea. My age group had Viet Nam, of course, but I missed that one. I was lucky enough to experience a time when every coastal town had boatyards.

I was always boat crazy, even as a little bugger, so after getting out of high school I went back to Maine and had a wonderful time (in retrospect) working as a floor sweeper and wood butcher in various custom boat building yards. I helped build a replica of the schooner *America*, in fact, 110' double planked, teak decked and launched and sailing in six months. Those Down Easterns are "finest kind," as they say back there.

I got interested in design and, since 1978 or so, have been doing it pretty much full time. Like most of the "old school," which I guess I have been in the game long enough to call myself that, I'm self taught. I used to carve models and hand draft my stuff, but back in 1988 or so I got involved with computers because I saw the power of editing they gave, no longer would I turn out something because I couldn't face redrawing it again.

With computers, each design is exactly what I want because it's so simple to make all the tiny changes that the hand drawers (and there's many, even "big name" guys, still doing it that way) wished they had the energy to make. Currently I use AutoShip's GEN4 for hull design and then send the hull lines into AutoCad for the actual drafting. All measurements are accurate to 1mm and lofting, because of my traditional background I suppose I still suggest, really isn't necessary. A new world, you know? And that's another thing I'm happy about being born when I was, I saw and know the old time traditional drafting ways, I can even draw in ink although I haven't in years. But I'll never get rid of my pens and spline weights, I like looking at them.

My wife Gail and I live on Whidbey Island, near Seattle, Washington, US of A. We have a fine little house on a couple of acres where I collect old boats, stray dogs and interesting machines. I neither spell nor speak German at all so if you do, please pardon the spelling, but the Krauts have a word to describe Gail and my place here, "Gemulich." It translates pretty much to "comfortable." That sums it up.

Design Philosophy

Years ago, like many enthusiastic people heavily involved in a subject, I was a zealot about design. I had VERY specific opinions and would turn up my nose at things that did not meet my very narrow definition about "proper." No more. As you have before and will again read me say, I finally understood that the whole point of boats is FUN! That means that whatever you want to do is OK! The problem appears when people start thinking that there is one type of boat that will do all things. There isn't, you see.

George Buehler Dead at 69

George Buehler died February 28, 2018 at age 69 of complications following an aortic aneurysm and emergency surgery.



Autobiography

For instance, look at a typical modern production sailboat. They're very comfortable inside, are fast and lively to sail and many people even take them ocean cruising. But while they are fine vacation boats, if you go offshore you'll likely be miserable. The motion is too lively, the rig isn't all that efficient for off wind (the majority of cruising), the whole boat and rig is usually a bit fragile and systems failures are common. They weren't really meant for short handed (a couple) long time cruising.

That doesn't mean there's anything wrong with them at all. Just use them for what they were meant to be used for, vacation cruising. The same is true of the typical trawler yacht. Many are wonderful vacation homes but if you want to do open water cruising, most aren't suitable. They're so high and fat that they'll beat you to death in a seaway, be difficult to dock in any wind and have systems aboard that require skilled technicians to keep operational.

If I could handle the bugs and humidity of the Caribbean I might consider a multi hull. I like the shoal draft, I like the big deck, I like the speed they can go in calm water. But because they have to be light weight to work, they need to be carefully engineered and built which makes them very expensive for what you get. Because they're so light weight they don't have the displacement to carry all the stuff I like around me and they simply aren't robust enough to hit a log at night. And they're more stable upside down than right side up, which would worry me if I wanted to make a passage. So I wouldn't own one, although I can't help but get a kick out of James Wharam's big plywood cats!

In a perfect world I could afford to have several totally different boats, left at various ports around the world. But that's not possible for me. If you also must compromise down to one larger boat, then you must decide just what the majority of your use will be and then pick a design meant to do that use. Of course, like everything else about boats there are exceptions to what I just said and the biggest is fantasy.

The boat is for fun, remember! There used to be an old boy who floated around Seattle's Lake Union in a 14' sailing ship, three masts, square sails, long sprit with a bunch of jibs, the whole bit. I'm sure many of the folks in modern performance sailboats,

as they sailed circles around him, thought he was ridiculous. I also think he gave "diddly squat" what they thought. He liked it and it suited what he wanted to do with a boat.

On the opposite end, I once knew a guy who lived and breathed ocean voyaging. He dressed the part, he talked the part. He owned a sailboat that was so shippy and rugged and well outfitted that it reeked of salt and tar and Times Gone By. But the guy was terrified of being offshore and the boat only day sailed. That's OK, too, because the boat was his fantasy. So while I accept, admire, can design and can even get enthusiastic about practically any kind of boat, in my design business I have orientated myself along certain guide lines.

That doesn't mean I can't do something different. It just means I have specific interests about boats and ideas about how to achieve these ideas. My design practice seems to have orientated around cruising boats, power and sail, with an emphasis towards simplicity, reliability and affordability. But please, before I get into this, if you want a 192' 'mega' yacht, I'd love to talk with you because I have some ideas. I think it's a shame that practically all the Big Yachts, the 100 footers and up, all look almost identical.

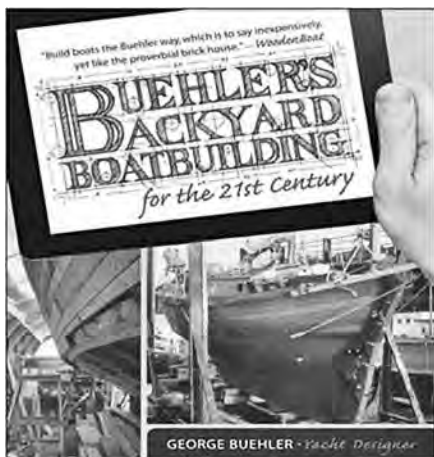
Anyway, the reason I got involved in design was because I couldn't find plans for a cruising sailboat that was within my ability to both build and afford to build. So I timidly designed my own, built it and cruised it around a few years. It worked so well that I designed and built another, a 36' cutter that I lived on four years. Well, a few guys saw it and liked it but wanted bigger and smaller versions and I found myself designing full time.

Be it music, painting, OR yacht design, the tendency for a new person is to study the old masters and copy them. Why not? They're great! When I was involved with music I used to listen and listen to Julian Adderly's solos with Miles Davis and do my best to play them. And Chet Baker? His stuff is incredible! But in yacht design, I somehow avoided that.

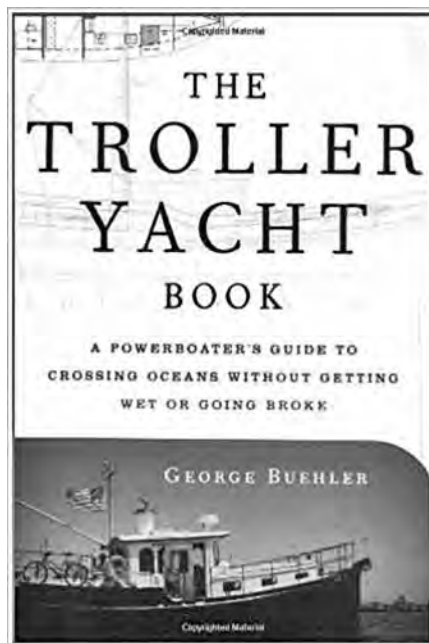
After all, Herreshoff's Ticonderoga, Atkin's Ingrid and so on are perfect, why draw another one? It appeared to me the niche I could pursue was one taking the looks and feel and hopefully as much of the performance of the type of the type of boats I liked, but interpret things so that is was feasible for a normal person to own one. This means keeping the profile look of the types I like but changing the hull form to make them simpler, which means less expensive, to build.

I've been called a "minimalist" but I'm not sure I like that because the implication is of something lacking and I feel very strongly about my designs, I like them. And I still think my approach was correct. Yes, I can easily design any reverse curved sectioned, hollow garboard, full ended hull, requiring the very highest skills to build. If that's what you want, I'd enjoy working with you.

But I've actually found it more challenging and interesting to base most of my designs on the concept of simplicity because that makes them feasible because of their "build ability" by small shops or, in many even cases, home builders, for most people to actually be able to have one. This subject is discussed in far more detail in my books; *Buehler's Backyard Boatbuilding* (International Marine Publishing) and *The Troller Yacht Book* (Norton Publishing). These books are available from any good bookstore or, of course, they can be ordered through me.



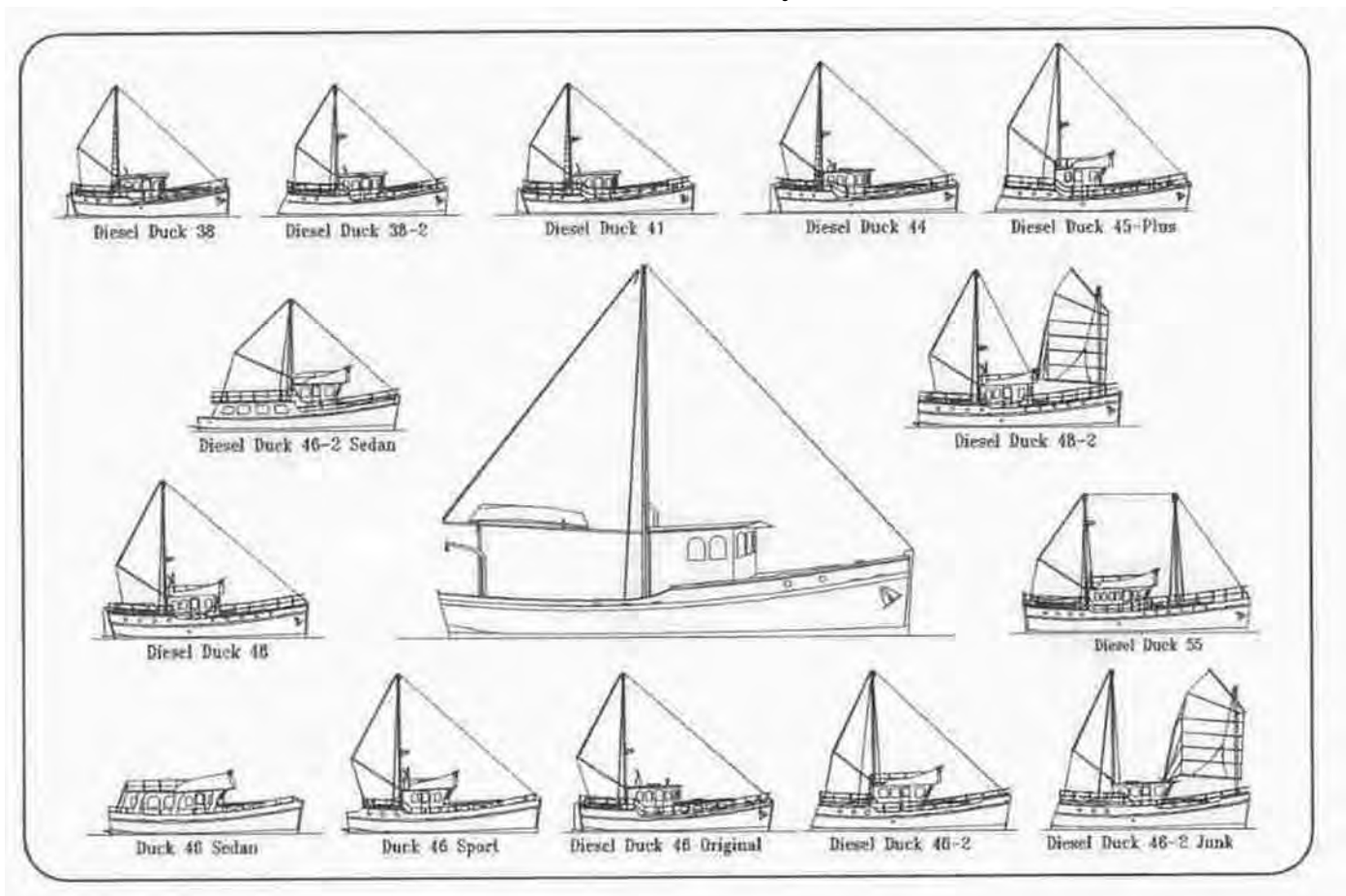
Briefly, they both explain how it isn't size that makes a boat expensive, it's complexity, complexity of hull shape determines how much time and materials are required to assemble it. Complexity of outfitting determines how much money you'll pour into it and, of course, how much time and money you'll have in maintaining it.

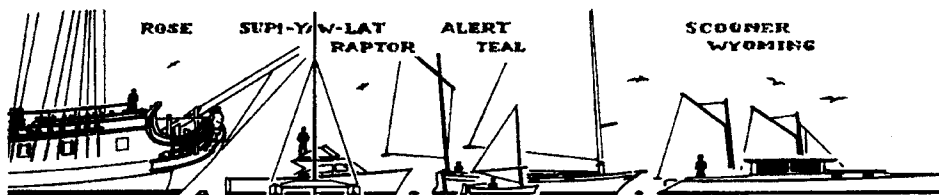


I'll always love sailboats and will always offer sailing designs, but in recent years I've become very interested in cruising under power. If you accept the old sailors standard (and dream) of a steady 4 knots over 24 hours, then cruising at 7 knots with a diesel running at a fast idle, burning around a gallon an hour, seems incredible. And by the way, a 100 mile a day run is considered a good average, regardless of what the magazines say. If you hear somebody claim he made a passage and averaged more than 100 miles a day, ask him how much time he spent under power!

I started thinking about fuel efficient cruising power boats soon after I ordered sails for a 50' schooner I was building. The \$3K the imported sails cost would have bought enough fuel to power the boat almost 23,000 miles. That means a cruising powerboat can actually be less expensive to have built than a sailboat, no elaborate rig. And you can run it for years before the operational costs start making the costs balance. In practice, if you look at the amount of time you run the average sailboat under power, it's possible the costs will NEVER balance out! But for more on that, read my *The Troller Yacht Book*!

The Duck Family





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As I stated in the last issue, I never much warmed up to her in her original layout, primarily because of her limited sail-area and the ultra Spartan accommodations below. Despite her high degree of simplicity, she still seemed a fair amount of work and resources for what we seem to get out on the water. Here a brief review of selected passages of Phil's reasoning for her:

"I define seaworthiness as the ability to keep the sea in all weather in reasonable safety. Design and construction are only part of it. Quality of handling and gear are, if anything, more important. I admit to being skeptical about the possibility of designing a fool-proof boat.

However, what the designer can do about seaworthiness is to lay out the boat in such a way that it can roll over and over,

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column #539 in *MAIB* Storm Petrel Cruiser

An Update to Design #337
 18'2"x5'2"x1'8" Shallow Long Keel
 Balanced Lug Rig 1+1 Person Cruiser

be totally submerged and end up right side up without a disastrous amount of water inside. He can also do a good deal to help the builder make it strong enough to withstand these things.

Storm Petrel is supposed to be the absolute minimum seaworthy boat. The idea is

that if she got caught by bad weather offshore she could do the corked bottle act, protecting one or two people from the storm for a few hours or even a few days. I don't think there are many designs with that capability that can be built complete from eight 4'x8' sheets of 3/8" plywood and little else.

The rig is relatively cheap for its effectiveness and allows the mast to be so short that it can be inordinately strong without being too heavy for the boat. It's most certainly too small for this boat, which would be a dull sailer with it in light (and probably even in moderate) weather. The boat was meant for peace of mind, not for high performance. The hull shape and keel type are not the kind that would reward a very powerful sail plan."

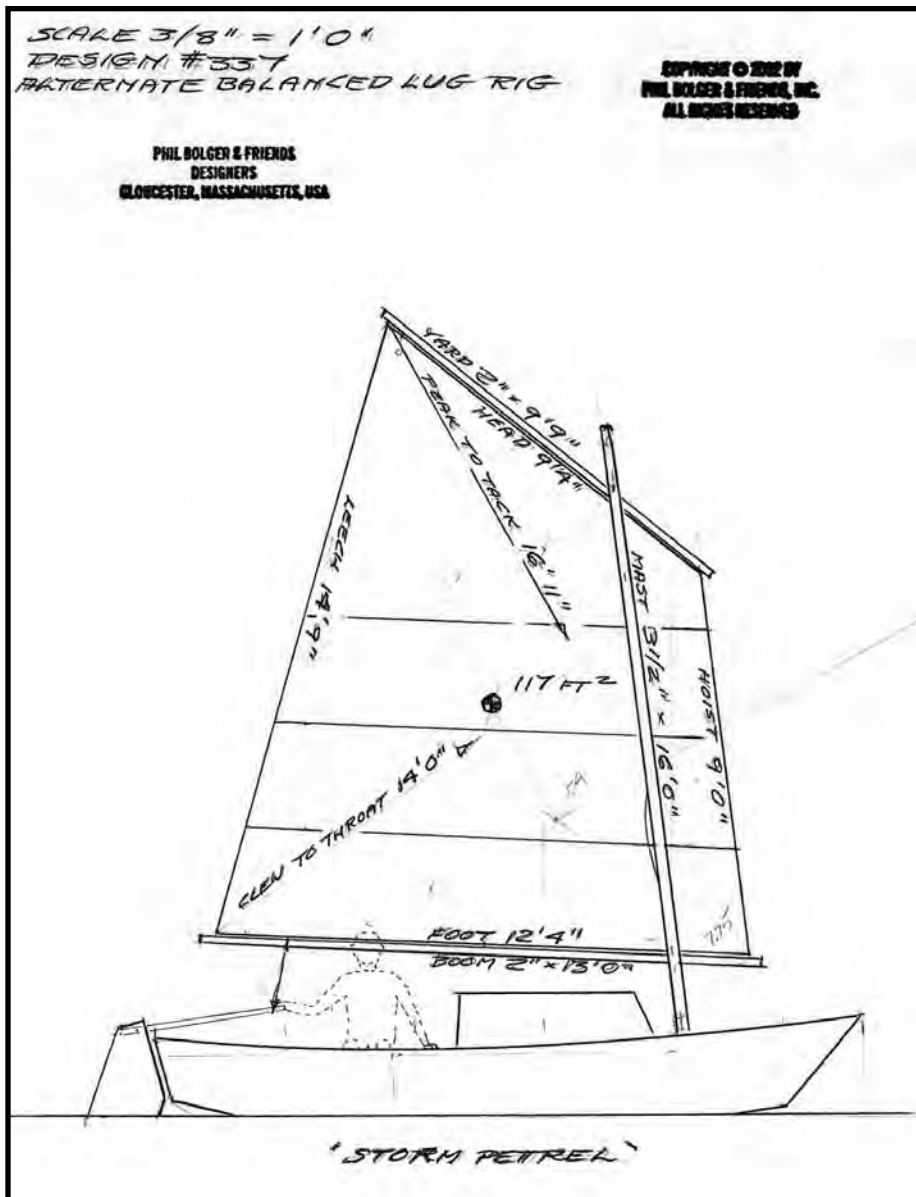
Revisiting the design and his commentary has helped understand Phil's reasoning some better. So here, without losing her spirit and integrating his larger sail plan sketch, is my take on her with this Cabin Cruiser version which should expand the range of folks potentially interested in this small, able, easy to build cruiser. While a small craft, still lots to discuss. And every Storm Petrel alive out there already could be reconfigured to this cruising layout.

The Larger Rig: As I noted in the last issue, I did find this sketch Phil drew much later in the early 2000s for a larger sail plan for Storm Petrel. Drawn to scale in ballpoint on a piece of vellum, he added 4' to her mast height and going from the two linked yards of the lateen to the two separate yards of the balanced lug geometry allowed more cloth between those yards without adding to their length on this tender narrow hull, resulting in a sail area increase from 81sf to 117sf! I did graphically emphasize the crew quite faintly indicated in his sketch.

In keeping with Storm Petrel's overall focus, we'd sure want the sailmaker to add those three reefs for most drive with reliable control across a broad spectrum of conditions. So, quite a different silhouette, but like the ancient lateen, also an old wise approach to managing sail power based on centuries of experience leveraging wind for work. And both are self vanging.

However, with a 16' mast, simply stepping it like that original 12' into her partners could become a bit more of a challenge on this tender hull. Hence the proposal here of adding that tabernacle just ahead of the cabin to quickly raise and lower the mast on the trailer, or just after launching, or on anchor for the night, or at sea on a sea anchor to drift with least aerodynamic drag riding out the squall line. And a fine opportunity to routinely shoot bridges to really open up places to sail in where solid bridges for cars and railroads would only allow modest powerboats, bragging at the bar about routinely shooting bridges may, however, need explaining to the local law eventually.

Figuring out a quick, reliable way to attach and disconnect the yards and sail with-



out drama goes without saying. I would want at least to loosen the yards' parrels some before the mast travels from that jaunty 6° of aft rake vertical to likely 10°-15° up horizontal elevation via a mast crutch to allow sitting under the mast tent, opening up the cockpit to the crew below during that endless stretch of rain. Greasy sizzling of comfort food way aft seems a good way to boost sagging morale. That same cover might suffice as a winter cover on her trailer in the driveway since its steep slope should not allow much accumulation of snow loads.

Options to think through. Cruising Correct Cabin Storm Petrels have been observed to not mind restful times, I understand. As I put it in the previous issue, the other big itch I felt looking at this design was the interest of expanding her utility day sailing and, more importantly, overnighting, if not even lean cruising, by adding a bigger more comfortable cabin. Of course, I'd want to be able to sit upright below on a thin mattress flat on the floor, but in a regular non contorted alignment of spine and head to the legs. And for those who are none too tall or wide, two lean sub six footers might find that cabin reasonably plausible for sleep and waiting out too many days of rain. Only that narrow foot-room forward, always assuming heads aft, might begin to cause trouble if they were not in any closer intimate relationship.

Hence the 1+1 cruiser label, derived from the sports car 2+2 idea, typically suggesting two normal size seats forward but barely child correct back seats, typically only used for bags that would not fit in that coupe's limited trunk. Here, aboard this sporting device, a mother and younger daughter will have grand adventures.

On a hull even smaller than Micro and with that cabin in the way, going forward is really only a good idea with feet on her hull bottom by having a two halves center-line hatch perhaps no wider than 18" opening extending from her companionway right up against the mast and its tabernacle. A compression gasket under an overlap should suffice keeping the drip off your face as you attempt to sleep through the drumming of drops on that hatch during that soaker.

Whether and what shape we'd want deadlights in that cabin trunk to be is clearly up to the builder with two flavors added on these studies. However, I'd take the Wiley window option in her cabin bulkheads quite seriously for light and scanning the environment fore and aft and, more importantly yet, for a zero tech way to get reliable screened ventilation afloat and on her trailer, close them tight as needed. I'd have two forward left and right of the mast support/tabernacle and two aft in that vertical just above that armrest left and right of the companionway.

Why that armrest? On her modest size, and after adding that cabin trunk pushing her crew aft some, getting it a few 4"-6" forward again towards the original position matters for her trim with that shelf convenient for other purposes as well. The companionway hatch is bottom hinged to allow a reliable compression gasket when closed and to be ready but out of the way when open.

For storage below I would explore possibly even a double set of drawers per side reaching the 2' under the cockpit benches to really allow decent order and reliable access to the range of stuff stored within, from food to safety gear, with clothes likely in netting forward under the cabin ceiling on one side and the bedding up high and dry during the

day under the other side. Dirty, wet, greasy and smelly stuff may need to live in those two bins below the after half of the cockpit benches. And the bow well continues to serve for ground tackle storage, here however with the bottom elevated to allow routine self draining, also handy when poking her nose into whitewater. Removing ground tackle for the winter or against pilfering the modest mix of rode, chain and anchors is one routine, with a hard cover hinged on one side and locked another.

With locating her weights a matter of concern, seeing not much room in her cabin for some adequate battery capacity to run her modest LED lighting for anchor light and one interior and one cockpit light, I have looked at those ubiquitous 6v or 12v valve regulated lead acid (VRLA) batteries that can be located in any position without leakage. I have a number of them in computer uninterruptible power supply gadgets. They can be found in powered wheelchairs.

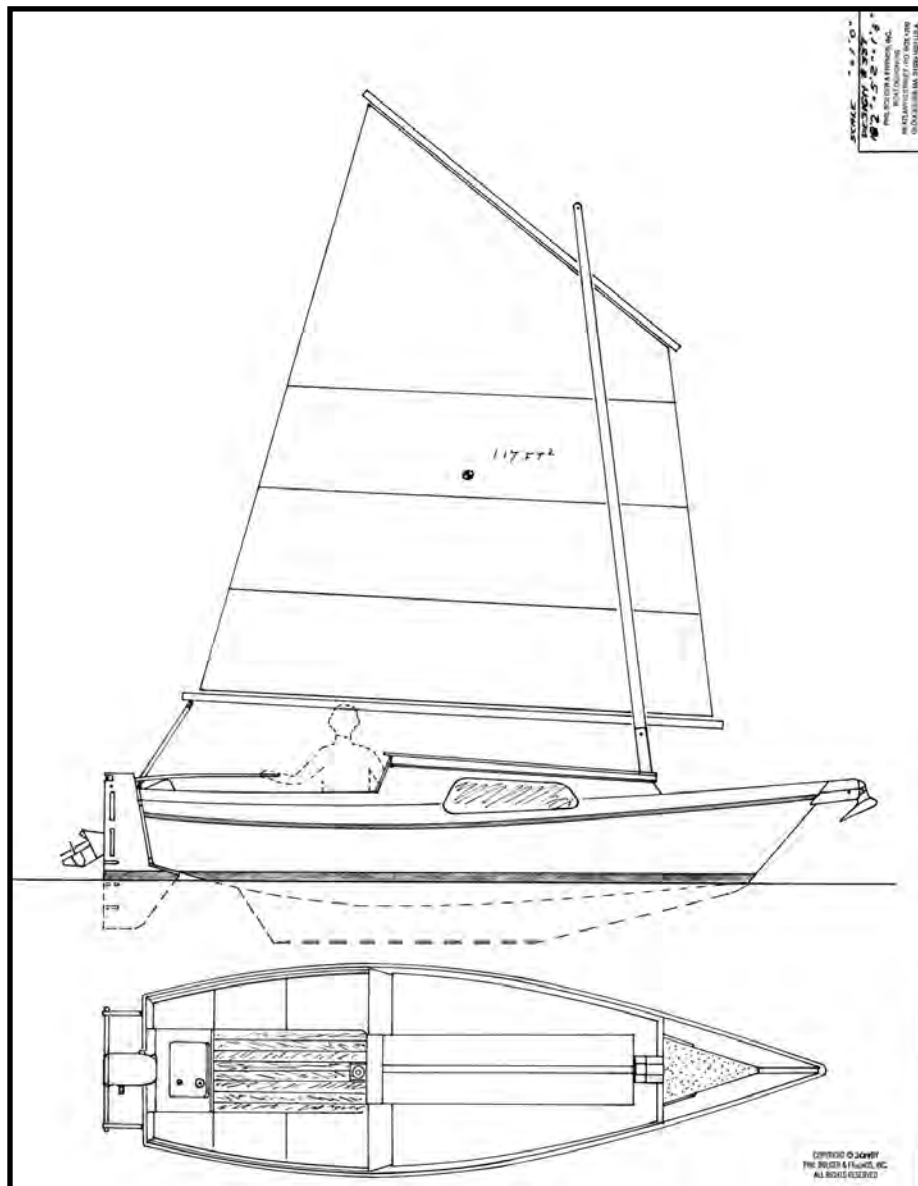
For cruising, a 12v 26ah unit measures 6.5"x6.9"x5" at 18lbs of weight and would apparently feed a 12v 0.25a 360° 2nm range white light for many a night. And there would be further adding up of consumption numbers between lighting, navigation gadgets, VHF and AM/FM radio and...

Located on the front or the rear face of the mast heel, I'd really seal those connections, this battery would serve as a counterweight helping to get that already none too heavy mast more easily up to vertical. A better battery shape might be found to really mate up well with that mast section.

Some weight gain overall, in light of the additional weight of cabin and cockpit backrest, and being mindful of the weigh gain from cruising provisions, the pounds of the longer mast and larger sail, that tabernacle, plus likely more robust ground tackle and an electrical system, I show her an optimistic 2" deeper in the water, something very much depending upon personal weights, gear choices and cruising ambitions, even species of plywood chosen, fiberglass or not.

Notice the minor fattening out below the joint between keel and bow bottom with a well shaped and glassed laminated pile of plywood cutoffs, likely through bolted into each other to reduce the wave noise at anchor, an addition that should help the flow around this now more routinely immersed bow bottom and topsides angle as well.

I'd have this just to tell myself during an unrestful night that the noise under her bow in just a mildly choppy anchorage could have been so much worse. Given the chance, bet-



ter to go around the corner well into the protected and typically smoother marsh waters.

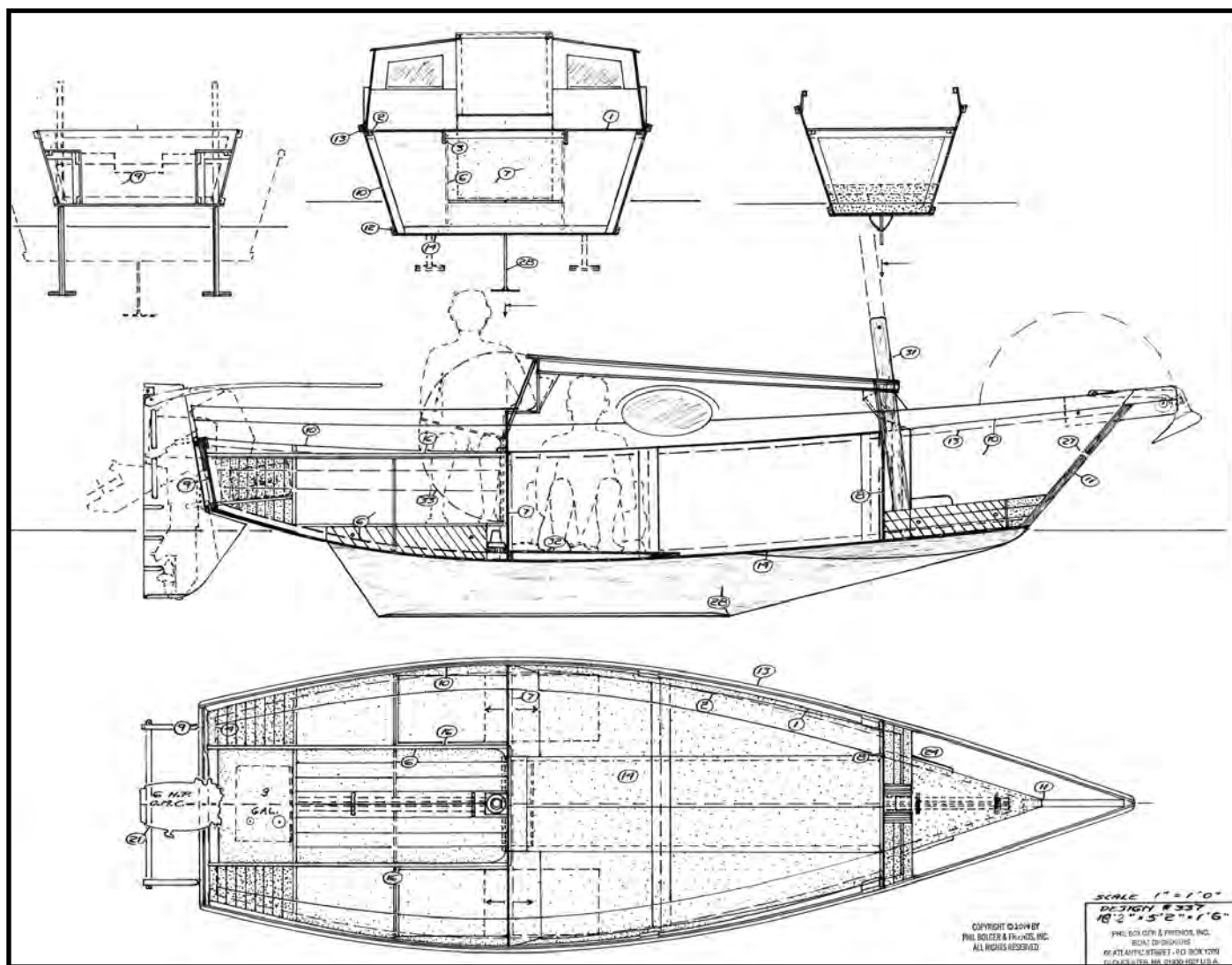
Her modified steel plate keel weight gain from the somewhat altered silhouette of the $\frac{3}{8}$ " plate steel keel, just enough down low to help balance the extra mast height and sail area, might be lightened for starters with a few more pounds from adopting another way to mount it to the hull. Instead of those three flanges to bolt it to the hull with, one further option is to have the keel plate extend into a well braced well epoxied plywood case under the cockpit and below the bow well. It would get through bolted there and, once perfectly trued perpendicular to her bottom, locked in place with the

ever so tenacious 3M 5200 glob, so infamous for never letting go again.

One could use this mastic in lieu of wedges or fond hopes that get the slightly over wide plywood case to perfectly vertically locate the keel once it is cured. And don't forget to consider the additional thickness of epoxy, paint or hot dip galvanizing coating over the basic steel thickness to make it that much more necessary to give that case a margin for errors, especially since the heavy epoxy coating inside it before its assembly will need thinking ahead to allow just enough, but not too much clearance for that keel to be inserted. Stuff to fret over.

While these tabs added weight, I lost a few pounds by taking off some 2" of keel depth to not have her weight gain result in deeper yet draft. But to make up for that loss in keel effectiveness, I added that 6" wide flange to the keel bottom edge to both reinforce it for hard on hard encounters, to add some more weight here as low as possible, and to help the keel's lateral plane function some by hooking a bit into the water as she heels under the press of sail. High class hydro and aerodynamicists will quote an addition to the aspect ratio of that fin, and thus efficiency. What we'd care about is that it will work as well as end plated but very shallow rudders have on certain designs of ours.

(More to follow in the October issue)



The Development of a Cruising Eighteen

by Roy Downes

Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK

This piece was originally written for the National 18 Class Association Newsletter, many years ago now. In it, Roy describes how, after racing enthusiastically in a number of classic traditional British flyers in the 1970s, he woke up to the fact that a well-designed big boat with impeccable manners was always going to be quicker than a temperamental little boat – and would enable him to undertake anxiety-free cruising, too, which he enjoyed more than charging around the buoys, when push came to shove. Being Roy, he always undertook improvements and innovations to promote speed and efficiency – and safety. Those relating to the sails which he describes here finally gave way to his radical re-imagining of the 18's rig as a tall, super-efficient fully-battened lugsail, inspired by Nigel Irens' boat *Roxanne* (as shown in the photograph attached to his article in the last issue, which I also repeat here). Some technical aspects appearing here have been overtaken by progress over the years, but the basic ideas – and Roy's love of sailing dinghies – emerge as freshly as ever. *Surprise* remained in his possession; the hull suited him so well despite the changes he made to the rig over time—Ed

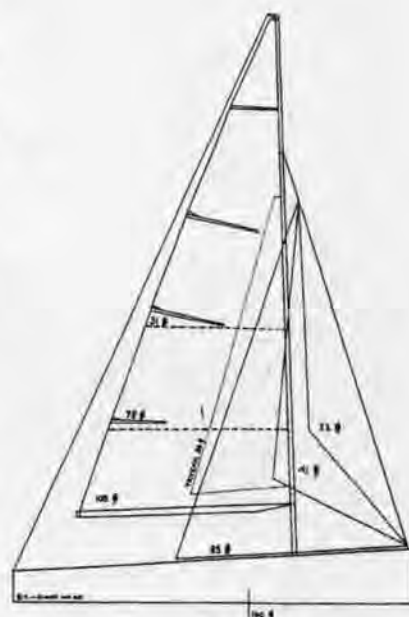
Visiting crews sailing aboard a National Eighteen for the first time always comment on the stability, the effortless speed, and the total lack of fuss — rather like a grand old duchess sweeping along... but there's nothing old fashioned about today's 18s. Look closely at the race-winning boats and you will find all the normal go-fast gear, suitably beefed-up to take the strains an 18 imposes. The Cork Harbour contingent, who provided the class champion for a number of years, reckon that a competitive crew should weigh 40 stone. Despite that, a winner from the Isle of Man sported a slender Needlespar. Owners range from the venerable but active ('this is my third Eighteen'), to two young brothers with a Chichester Harbour boat who convincingly cleaned up at the Whitstable Native Trophy race while it was blowing, and then there is a syndicate of three girls who bought a boat 'just for the Championships' in the Isle of Man and who are still with us! The class racing is close, keen, and friendly and is marked by a conspicuous absence of the 'sea lawyer' attitude which characterises so many other dinghy events.

I first met National 18s while I was a student struggling to keep an aged Merlin together (and upright). Two of our Hill Head boats, which I used to race against, crossed the Channel twice from the Isle of

Wight to Cherbourg. The second time they were caught by a sudden mid-Channel mid-summer nasty, but they bobbed and bailed their way into Cherbourg having sailed through a full gale. In those days we used to race level with the Eighteens, as Merlins and 18s shared the same Portsmouth Yardstick (91 old style) — I say 'level' but it's hard for a 14-footer to match the windward ability of an 18-footer. While we sweated and strained every muscle to get to the weather mark, the Eighteens just powered upwind and, once round, tore away. I kept falling over in any sort of wind (25ft mast and 4ft 6ins beam). The ultimate irony, as I clung to my upturned hull after one of my frequent and spectacular highspeed capsize, was to be offered a cup of freshly-brewed tea from a solicitously attendant Eighteen. They weren't even wearing oilskins.

On our many club cruises — passage races we called them, thus combining the best of both worlds — the Eighteens always arrived first. Hardly surprising really, with their displacement speed of 5.9 knots — that's impressively quick. Then they disgorged whole families, dogs and cooking appliances and dry clothes for the 'small dinghy' sailors still to arrive!

Those eighteens were, of course, the classic clinker Uffa 'Ace' design boats, still carrying the then standard



250 lb cast iron centreplate, though a few of the keen racing helmsmen had shipped the new lightweight plates at 110 lb but cautiously admitted that their boats were a bit tender. Try moving around in an Ace after, say, a Firefly, and 'tender' becomes a very relative description. So the Eighteens dominated our club racing and the cruising; they could be sailed single handed or with up to six on board; they did not appear to fall over the moment the anemometer registered Force 5, and they looked nice into the bargain.

Despite all these advantages, it still took me 14 more years to get round to building one! In between

Uffa Fox's 'Ace'
National 18
in 1960



were love affairs with other plumb-stemmed dinghies (14s, Cherubs, Ghosts) and a final tearaway in another of Uffa's vintage designs — the Jollyboat. But back to 18s.

Driving along the Thameside road near Kingston I spotted some unmistakable 'Aces', moored between the jetties at Tamesis Club, and with them some carvel boats which looked like 18s — but carvel? I had to investigate. They turned out to be the new Proctor-designed glassfibre composite boats — glass hulls with wooden decks, introduced to stimulate interest in the class as the skyrocketing price of the traditional clinker boats had slowed the growth of the class in the late 1960s and early 1970s.

I liked what I saw: a big, stable,

beamy boat with lots of room, lightweight alloy plates now down to 60lb, a powerful rig and the promise of reduced maintenance and a more or less one design hull (moulds are very, very expensive).

Within a month I had joined the other enthusiasts at Tamesis and ordered a hull from the moulders. Price of a bare shell with bow and stern bulkhead and centreplate case — was then just £168.

I specified a clear glass hull (no pigment) to ensure a first-class moulding, which I got, together with some gratuitous comments from the builders when we collected: '... best hull we've made but it were a right b***** to do it clear'.

Building *Surprise* then started in the boatshed at Tamesis, my work being supervised every

Sunday by the knowledgeable and skilled members fresh from the bar at about 2.00 pm... Cocooned in a polythene tent, with a blow heater to cure the resin and glue, *Surprise* grew more like a boat, despite my spectators. As with any amateur builder, I was concerned with ensuring suitable strength throughout the construction, and the crucial weighing-in ceremony (administered by class President and Measurer, Murray Vines, that doyen of the 18 class) declared 630lb. Gulp! — 80 lb overweight. (I subsequently removed 68 lb of this and I'm prepared to concede the odd 12 lb, secure in the knowledge that *Surprise* will stay together through whatever weather I can take her). Nothing should break and nothing will break.

There is nothing radical about *Surprise* until you examine her rig. An alert observer will note that her mast is 3ft shorter than any other 18, the genoa reaches back 10ft 6ins along the deck, and also that there are two lines of reef points with pendants and lines, permanently rove in the mainsail. There is a bright red bag marked STORM TRYSAIL containing a bright red loose-footed trysail, and a spitfire jib of 22 sq ft. There is a working jib of 41 sq ft, two anchors (15 lb C.Q.R. and 12 lb fisherman), a pair of 10ft oars and a sculling/steering column crutch on the transom.

Add to this an Avon inflatable, tent cover, sleeping bags, cooking equipment etc. etc., and you will realise that, despite a 3rd place overall in her first-ever Easter Regatta at Tamesis, *Surprise* is a cruising 18. That hull speed we've mentioned gets *Surprise* along at a very respectable rate. Add the bonus of working the tides (which with only the wooden topsails in reserve is vital), and I reckon to average 6 knots in any reasonable breeze in the Solent, though this can be as high as 8 knots with Springs.

Looking back through my log I see that we sailed from Studland to Lee — 32 sea miles — in exactly 4 hours, towing an Avon, and that a 30-footer which left the anchorage at Studland with us was two miles

astern as we passed through Hurst Narrows. I also see that the wind deserted us off Bournemouth one blistering afternoon in June and that, anchored, we had dinner of mushrooms sautéed in garlic butter on paté and toast; beef in red wine, new potatoes and green beans; then biscuits and cheese, all washed down with some excellent Medoc. Dinghy cruising is hell. We slept under the stars and the following morning the wind had returned with a vengeance, starting North-Easterly 3 and increasing steadily up to a good 5. With the first reef in the main and the working foresail, we weighed anchor at 09:30 and re-anchored one hour and 6 sea miles later in South Deep, sheltered by the lee of Goathorn Point in Poole Harbour, and spent two marvellous days exploring and pottering. I've got some lovely photos of the peacocks on Brownsea Island and I can honestly say that while we were anchored in Blood Alley Lake (now there's a name to conjure with — better than 'Club Mark No. 3 leave to starboard twice round') their dawn chorus woke me up one morning!

We carry flares and orange smoke which I hope we will never have to use, a big grid steering compass and a little Sestrel hand bearer; 20 fathoms of main anchor warp with 3 fathoms of chain, plus another warp of 15 fathoms for the kedge. A sounding lead and line, still marked in fathoms, with a good portfolio of the appropriate charts and relevant pilot books.

I find that the Instant Weather and Instant Wind books are invaluable, even though I do have a small radio for the shipping forecasts. Air beds have been superseded by backpackers' foam sleeping mats (fail safe!), and cooking — Cordon Surprise — is gas as I detest the smell of paraffin on board. Two powerful waterproof torches ward off oncoming boats at night.

There are, of course, those polythene-wrapped individuals, with sanitized minds, who will say that no small boat is safe for cruising, and to sail at night — horrors, there

ought to be a law against it. Thank heavens there isn't: with good preparation and a well-found boat, sound seamanship, careful passage planning, and a reasonable share of good luck, dinghy cruising is safe and the most absorbing and rewarding recreation I know of.

Of course we've had our moments — that line squall of 50 knots coming out of the blue in an already brisk Force 7, the sunrise on a calm Solent at 04:45 when the gentle scrunch of shingle under the keel woke me as we dried out. Coming through St. Albans and Peveril races with only a deep reefed main; the glow-worms on the grassy bank at Newtown after a rain shower late one evening; beating down Southampton Water one bright afternoon, five up, deep reefed main and working jib. Easterly Force 6. The scent of honeysuckle and fresh hay off the Island shore as, almost becalmed, we ghosted along in half a fathom

Surprise 18/ # 03

Built 1972-3 by Roy Downes
Hull Design: Ian Proctor
Moulded by Bourne Plastics
Deck plan, layout and sail plan:
Roy Downes

L.O.A. 18ft, L.W.L. 18ft, 7ft 6ins beam,

Weight 562 lbs (Plate 65 lbs)

Sail area 190 sq. ft. plus spinnaker, main 105 sq. ft. (points reefing to 78 sq. ft. and 51 sq. ft.). Genoa 85 sq. ft. Working jib 41 sq. ft. Spitfire jib 22 sq. ft. Loose footed red storm trysail 30 sq. ft. Mast and boom: Proctor. Mast 3629.

Booms 3632 Plus.

of water; and finally a distinguished looking yachtsman gazing down from an old stone quay and saying 'That's a very nice boat — is she one of the new Eighteens?'

Yes.

RD





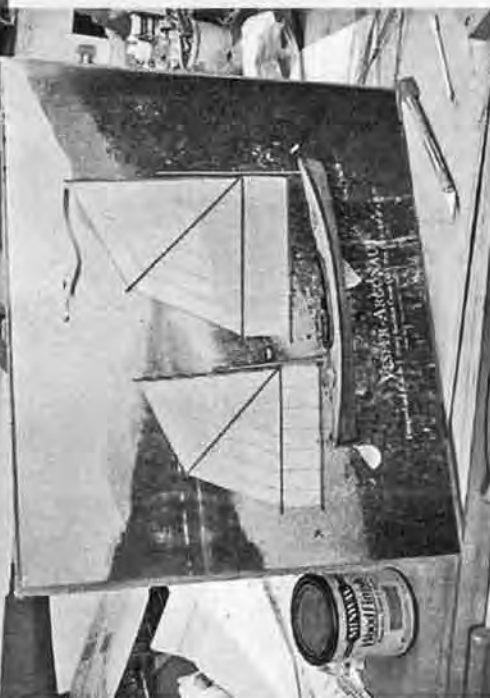
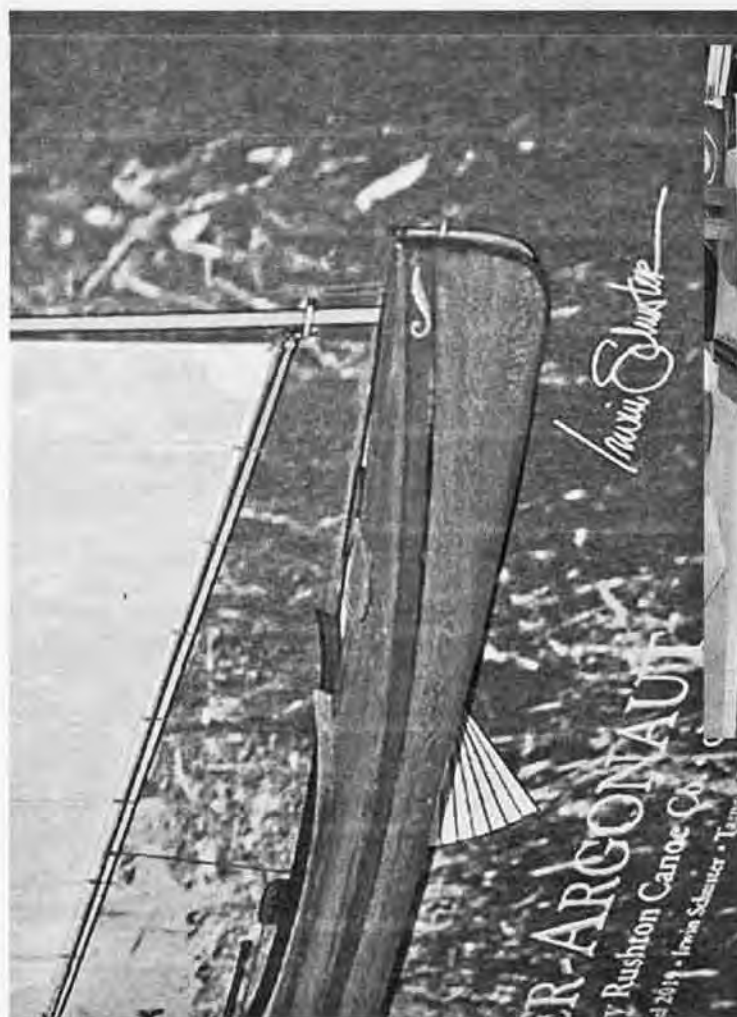
Ship's Log Tampa Bay Ship Model Society 5

I., Irwin, your Sec/Ed presented progress on the Rushton

Vesper half model: The hull is essentially complete but still mounted on a temporary paper background. I expressed that the model was created somewhat hind-end-foremost in that the case was built first. The hull is cherry, 0.093" lifts soaked and bent to the gunwale sheerline. The top four lifts were laminated and the cockpit cut out. The lifts, intended to simulate strakes do not do that well. The maroon upper strake and its gold fru-fru are printed paper.

In addition, I brought three books: *The Boys in the Boat* by Dan Brown about the 1936 Olympic rowers; *Herreshoff's American Masterpieces* by Maynard Bray, Claas Van Der Linde and Ben Mendlowitz; and *Legendary Sailboats Beken on Cowes* by Bruno Cianci, 208 pages of glorious sailing yachts.; 12.4 pounds of reading material, if you were wondering.

Legendary Sailboats employs the unusual format of a landscape construction with binding at the top. This allows the open book to present 15"W x 21"H photos of these gorgeous vessels, albeit across the fold.



Reading accident reports provides us with information about safety actions that we may never need, but some of the reports leave the reader wondering where was the backup for the failed device. An example is the installation of a high water alarm that would tell the boat operator that the bilge pump was not working and the boat was filling with water. Also of use is a light on the instrument panel that comes on when the bilge pump is activated. Both the high water alarm and the bilge pump depend on a float switch. Is the float switch working? Have you checked it lately?

Since our Sisu 26 was an "open" boat and all portions of the hull were visible, I did not have a high water alarm, but I did check the float switch (and thus the bilge pump) as part of my checklist of things to do before leaving the slip. To check the float switch I had a stick with a nail (at right angle to the stick) in the end. I would reach down with the stick and raise the float switch with the nail. If the bilge pump came on, all was well.

If you do not want to spend the money for a high water float switch you can build one with a glass tube, a cork and a toothpick (or other such piece of small wood) and some appropriate wiring. The cork in the tube is placed where you want the high water indicator. A wire goes to a small push button switch (or you can make your own) on the top of the tube and on to the alarm. When the water floats the cork up to the point the stick pushes in the switch, the alarm goes off. A commercial float switch is a better choice.

The world of outboard motors is getting interesting. Soon to be on the market is a 200hp Diesel outboard. Also coming soon is an electric 80hp outboard. Of course, the Diesel outboard weighs a good deal and the electric outboard needs a large capacity battery.

Most sailboat races have a start line with boats maneuvering for a "clean start." Another approach is to start the boats in sequence based on their handicap for time on distance with a known distance. With such a format, the slowest boat (by handicap) starts first and the fastest boat starts last. The interval between each boat is based on the handicap. Boats with the same handicap would start together with possible problems at the line, but most of the boats would start by simply sailing over the line when the signal for their start is given. This endeavor puts a lot of work on the race committee to ensure the signal/time is correct, but the result is that the finish is obvious and any boat that is passed by another is not being sailed to that boat's rating. The competitors know very quickly how well they are doing.

Our yacht club used to hold an annual "fun" race. The first place prize was a rubber duck and last place got a turtle. The race started with the sails down and the skippers behind the start line on shore. The small boats and the like were on the beach by the water. The larger boats were anchored offshore. At the "start" the small boat skippers raced to their boats, put up the sails and launched them. The big boat skippers dove in and swam for their boats while their crews pulled in the anchors and raised the sails. In one case, the big boat skipper was thrown a line by the crew and pulled aboard as the boat headed for the channel. Every year's race had different rules. One time, skippers were issued an orange or a grapefruit and had to exchange one fruit for another before finishing. In another, a tennis ball had to be thrown



From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

into a net floating on an anchored small raft before proceeding to the next mark on that course. Fun was had by all!

Do It Yourself (DIY) projects are always interesting. A needed tool is not to be found, the directions do not make sense or things do not fit quite right. All this came to pass for me when I replaced our '73 Ford Mustang's driver's seat. The back support had partly failed and the backrest no longer stayed in the proper position (too far back). I used a cushion to fill in the space while we waited for the new replacement seat that was ordered online.

Three months later the seat arrived only to be missing the adapter to mount the seat to the floorboard (a separate item). The adapter was ordered and, when it came, all was ready to put things together and mount the seat. However, the seat bolts were American Standard and the mounting bolts for the adapter were metric. Also, the drawing to mount the adapter to the seat was not correct. When one is trying to follow the directions and illustrations when working on a new project, this is not good. A call to the vendor straightened out the problem (drawing was in error).

One problem with the new seat was that the release to let the seat slide back and forth on the fixed adapter did not work "quite properly." One side would not totally release. After looking over the problem, I cut a section of coat hanger to the proper length and made a second crossover connection between the right and left seat sliders. After some more "adjustments" using a piece of 2"x4" as a "mallet" (does not damage the metal or the paint thereon), everything finally fit properly. Now, what to do with the old seat?

Oh yes, one problem with ordering online is that the original contact may not be the actual supplier of the item ordered. With the seat, the order went to a seat manufacturer where the seat was built. The seat was shipped by that firm directly to me. When I started having problems, the seller said to contact the manufacturer and the manufacturer said to contact the seller. Happily,

one of the people answering the phone at the manufacturer's help line ignored all the bureaucratic protocol and told me how to fix the problem. There are times when buying locally (if possible) provides one with a place to go when problems arise.



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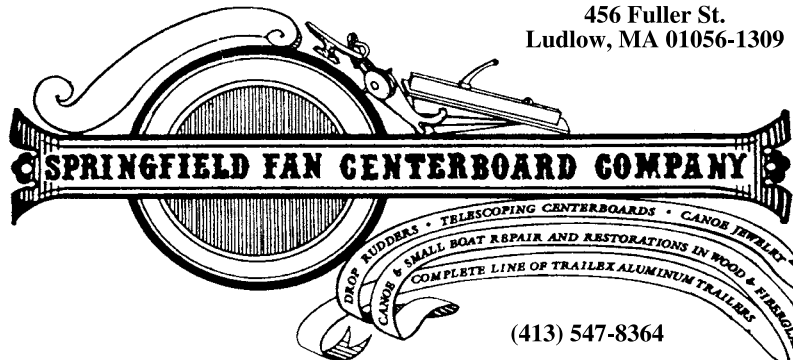
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